Manchester AL MONDO.

CONTEMPLATIO *Mortis, & Immortalitatis.*

Much inlarged.

London.
Printed for Rich: Thral and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Crosse keyes

MANCHESTER AL MONDO.

Contemplatio Mortis, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

A CONTEMPLATION OF *Death* and *Immortality.*

The Sixth Impression much enlarged, with the Latine Sentences rendred into *English.*

Henry Montagu, Earl of Manchester.

LONDON,
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Contemplatio Mortis, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

A CONTEMPLATION OF *Death* and *Immortalitie*.

Philosophers, Statesmen and *Divines* do all hold, that in this world there art but *tria genera vitæ; una est activa, altera contemplativa, tertia voluptuaria*; three kindes of life; one is active, the other contemplative, the third voluptuous.

Which of these is best, *Quæritur*, is the question; *Actio contemplationis expers est vita impolita*, action void of contemplation is an unpolish'd or rude life: Contemplation, if it

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take up all a mans time, makes *vitam ſterilem*, a barren life.

Voluptuaria vita, a voluptuous life though it be not *otioſa*, idle because it is in act, *actu*, yet it is but *deſidioſa occupatio*, an idle occupation.

Amongſt theſe who ſo tries all, as I have done, ſhall finde, that action profits moſt, but Contemplation pleaſes beſt: ſpecially that which indebts a man to action. Other Contemplations have *generationem longam, fruitionem brevem*, a long generation, a ſhort enjoyment; are ſo much in thinking, as they ſeldom come to enjoying; alwayes in conceit, never in act.

When Chriſt was to ſuffer, *miſit Chriſtus Petrum ac Johannem ad parandum Paſcha. Petrus bonam actionem, Johannes devotam ſignificat Contemplationem*; he ſent *Peter* and *John* to prepare the Paſſeover: by the firſt good Action may be conceived, by the other devout Contemplation.

Man was not made for Contemplation only; his part is to do, as well

well as underſtand; In earthly things to be an Actor, of heavenly things to be a Spectator. Therefore his felicity conſiſts neither in reſt nor action, but in fit mixture of both.

Some uſe Contemplation for a Remedy, it ſeeming to make their mindes aſcend, when their fortunes deſcend.

The Counſellor ſaith, A Stateſman ſhould be thus repartited: his will to God, his love to his Maſter, his heart to his Countrey, his ſecret to his friend, his time to buſineſſe.

It is true, retiredneſſe is more ſafe then buſineſſe; *Periclitatur enim anima in negotiis*, for the ſoule is endangered by many employments: And yet the leſſe you do, the more you ſuffer. But as he is not happy that is alwayes buſie; ſo a publick man ſhould not always be ſhut up in thoughts, pleaſing his life in the ſweetneſſe of thinking. Finely ſaith St. *Auguſtine*, *Lectio ſine meditatione arida eſt: Meditatio ſine*

lectione erronea eſt: Oratio ſine meditatione tepida eſt. Reading without meditation is dry; meditation without reading erroneous; and prayer alſo without meditation but cold.

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To be alwayes, or never alone, is idleneſſe. But

The delight of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation lies in the right choice of a good ſubject to contemplate: For every knowing man is ſo inquiſitive by nature, and of ſo buſie a fancie, as in this it is happy for him to fall upon that ſubject which is fitteſt for him.

Some ancient Fathers, and ſome late Writers have fixed upon the love of God; Some upon the paſſion of Chriſt; Some upon the joyes of Heaven; Some upon contempt of the world; ſeveral others upon divers other ſubjects: All opening, that ſome one is to be choſen. For whoſo will *vivere ſibi*, live to himſelf, muſt *vacare Deo*, be at leiſure for God. And a wiſe man ſaith, *Sapientia ſcribenda eſt intempore*

pore otii; *Qui minoratur actu*: Wisdome is to be written in a time of play: whosoever is lessen'd by work; He cannot tend it.

Ego in meoi solito recessu à negotiis publicis vacans, I being in my accustomed retiredness, disingaged from publick affaires; (which was but seldom,) found it fruitful, useful and delightful, *Cogitare de novissimo*, to bestow my thoughts upon my latter end.

Quatuor sunt novissima, there be foure last things, say the Fathers; Heaven and Hell, Death and Judgement.

All, subjects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much employment, so many offices, so long practice in sevetal professions (as every publick man is owing his abilities, cares and yeares to the serviee of his Master); I now thought it time to seize on death before it seized on me.

After long meditation this I found, that when Meditation had

begotten devotion, then it applied it ſelf to Contemplation, which required a ſettlement upon ſome Divine object.

And what more heavenly then the thought of Immortality? what ſo neceſſary as the thought of death? Herein therefore I complied with my own deſires, and made choice of Death and Immortality for the ſubject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I ſaw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evil; but Divines do well dedicate Contemplation to holy Myſteries only.

We meditate to know God, we contemplate to love God; when God himſelf had ſeen the things created in ſeveral peeces, he ſaid, They were good:

But when he conſidered the univerſe, as it were in Contemplation, then he ſaid, Lo, they were exceeding good. For Meditation conſiders her objects peece by peece, but Contemplatiou ſummes them all together

together, and ſees, as in a glaſſe, all the ſeveral beauties of Meditations Objects.

Meditation is with a man, as he that ſmells the Violet, the Roſe, the Jeſſamie, and the Orange flowers dividually. (My Meditations of the Lord are ſweet of themſelves, ſaith *David*) but Contemplation is a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted in the *Canticles*, where the Spouſe plaits up her haire, truſſing it up in one knot, to ſhew that we ſhould not diffuſe our thoughts into variety of conſiderations, but recollect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a mans ſoule being once affected, hardly ſhall he obtain leave of his thoughts to return again to employments.

Et ne ego multis occupatus, mihimet ipſi manerem incognitus : And leſt I buſied about many things, ſhould remain unknown to my ſelf: (for the old word is a true one) *Nil proſunt lecta nec intellecta, niſi teipſum legas & intelligas*, Neither

things read, nor understood, profit him at all, who does not both reade and know himself.

I therefore applied my self *ad meum novissimum*, to my last thing, *What man liveth shall not see death?* And if after death, *Justus vix salvabitur*, the righteous shall scarcely be saved, we may well be fearful, and had need be careful, that we be not taken unprepared.

Ite imparati in paratum, Go ye unprepared into the place prepared for you, will one day be a doleful saying.

When I was a young man, (saith *Seneca*) my care was to live well, I then practised *Artem bene vivendi*, the art of well-living. When age came upon me, I then studied *Artem bene moriendi*, the art of dying well, how to die well.

It is true, *Iter vitæ occupatis non apparet nisi in fine*, the journey of life appears not to busie men until the end. Yet when I was *occupatissimus*, *hoc me dulci oblectabam solatio*, *aliquando me victurum mihi*,

hi, moſt buſie of all, I delighted my ſelfe with this comfort, that a time would come wherein I might live to my ſelfe, hoping to have ſweet leiſure to enjoy my ſelfe at laſt.

And this I am now come to, *Diſponendo, non mutando me*, by diſpoſing, not by changing my ſelf.

The covenant of the grave is ſhewed to no man, ſaith the Wiſe man, but the watch-word is given to all men.

Sint lumbi præcincti, Lucernæ ardentes, Semper vigilantes: Let your loines be girt up, your lampes burning, alwayes watching.

Lord, let me be found in this poſture, when I ſhall be to die.

In the courſes of my life I have had interchanges; the world it ſelfe ſtands upon viciſſitudes: *adverſis & proſperis contexuit Deus vitam meam*: God hath interwoven my life with adverſity and proſperity; When I firſt took me to a gown, I put on this thought; *fortunam ut togam appeto, non longam, ſed continuam*, I de-

ſire

fire a fortune like my gowne, not long, but fit; Fit for my condition: finding by others that a contented kinde of obſcurity keeps a man free from envie. Although any kinde of ſuperiority be a mark of Envie; yet not to be ſo high, as to provoke an ill eye, nor ſo low as to be trodden on, was the height of my ambition. But I muſt confeſſe, I have ſince had a greater portion of the worlds favour, then I looked for: *Attamen ego nunquam fortunæ credidi, etiamſi videretur pacem agere*; nevertheleſſe I never gave truſt to fortune, althongh ſhe ſeemed to be at peace with me.

To check repining at thoſe above me, I alwayes looked at thoſe below me; nor did any preferments ſo delight me, or abuſe me as to make me neglect preparing for my dying day.

And now, I thank God, I can ſay,

Domine, paratum eſt cor meum, O Lord, my heart is ready.

This I have conſidered, That *Guttatim*

tatim per horas & dies fluit vita; life flowes away by houers and dayes as it were by drops. And although the houre be not paſt till all the glaſſe be run,

Et nemo multum ex Stillicidio poteſt perdere; And no man can ſpill much by ſuch a diſtillation:

Yet the glaſſe then runnes moſt faintly, when it drawes neareſt to effluxion. Careful *Martha* was full buſie about many things, but was well adviſed; There was only *unum neceſſarium*, one thing neceſſary.

One thing have I deſired of the Lord, that I may dwell in his houſe for ever.

This was *Davids unum*, his one thing, and, God willing, ſhall be mine.

Phyſicians exclaim, *Vita brevis, Ars longa*, that life is ſhort, but Art is long; But Divines teach, *Ars optima eſt vivendo diſcere artem bene morieudi*, that the beſt Art is to learne by living the Art of well dying.

If

If this be to be begun when *præ foribus mors eſt*, death is at the door, Then the ſin-ſick ſoul will ſay, *Infœlix ego homo! quis me liberabit à corpore mortis hujus?* O wretched man that I am! who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death? But if thou haſt learned it betimes, it will then rejoyce to ſay,

Mihi vivere Chriſtus eſt, & mori lucrum; To me to live is Chriſt, and to die is gain.

Welcome death, more bleſſed then my birth.

I have ever thought the right way to die well was to live well; And the way to live well in the world, was to die betimes to the world.

Mihi Mundus Crucifixus, & ego Mundo; The world is crucified to me, and I unto the world; yet I found it *Rem difficilem in mundo vivere, & mundi bona contemnere*, an hard matter to live in the world, and deſpiſe the worlds good things. Therefore for aſſiſtance I took to me theſe three Coadjutors, *Faith*,

Hope,

Hope, Charity; *Charitatem ex Corde puro, Spem ex conſcientia bona, Fidem non fictam*: love out of a pure hearr, hope out of a good conſcience, and faith not feigned; And for my ſoules health often uſed this preparative,

Examen conſcientiæ meæ, The examination of my conſcience.

Nam quicunque cordi habet ſalutem ſuam, For whoſoever deſireth his own ſalvation, let him every day, *manè & veſperi*, morning and even ing, examine his heart, *quid nocte vel die præcedente*, what either in the night or day going before, Hath he thought, hath he ſaid, hath he done; *Et in quo peccati labem invenerit*, and in whatſoever he ſhall find the ſpot of any ſin, let him mend it; *cum propoſito efficaci, ſimili non peccare*; with an effectual purpoſe to ſin ſo no more.

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly ſay, *Vix fieri poterit ut quis moriendo peccet, aut peccando moriatur*, it ſhall hardly be, that ſuch an one ſhall either ſin at his death, or die in ſin.

Inter-

Inter, Amidſt theſe thoughts, I had theſe things in Contemplation.

1. *Firſt, What Death was, and the kindes of Death.*

2. *Secondly, what feares or joyes Death brings.*

3. *Thirdly, when Death is to be prepared for, and how.*

4. *Fourthly, Death approaching, what our laſt thoughts ſhould be.*

Of theſe things I thus reſolved,

THat Death was but a fall, which came by a fall. Our firſt framed father *Adam* falling, in him we all fell. It was not the man, but mankinde. *Cecidimus omnes,* ſaith Saint *Bernard, ſuper acerbum lapidem in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati ſumus;* We all fell upon a ſharp ſtone covered with dirt, by which we were both wounded and defiled; Therefore we needed water in Baptiſme to waſh us, Blood in the Euchariſt to heale us, water of Regeneration in blood of expiation. Natures

tures perfection caught a fall when ſhe was young, as *Mephiboſheth* did, whereof ſhe hath halted ever ſince.

This falling ſickneſſe infected not only the perſon, but the nature (ſuch is the infection of evil, always worſe then the act) making man that was immortal ſubject to death.

Heu triſtis & lachrymoſa mutatio! Ah ſad and wofnl change!

Notwithſtanding, as we now ſtand, the fault is ours, if that fall be not our riſe; The advantage we have by *Chriſt*, being more then the loſſe we had by *Adam*: Redemption imports emption, and a buying back of that which we had loſt. Wherefore, Man that had cauſe to ſorrow that he was man, may now be holily proud of his condition: and as he is in Chriſt, not to change the Man for the Angel.

Proud Nature would faine re-aſpire to that it was; *Ideò qui ſtat videat ne cadat*; therefore let him that ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall, For relapſe may turne us again to be as birds and beaſts, who have no joy

joy but being, no ſorrow but dying. Mans better being is by dying; for when man had made himſelf miſerable by ſinning, Mercy made us mortal, *Ne in æternum eſſemus miſeri*; leſt we ſhould be miſerable for ever. Therefore we have reaſon to account mercy, as it relieves miſery, to be the beſt vertue, though it work upon the worſt object.

Miſericordia vicina eſt miſeriæ, Mercy dwells nigh to miſery.

There is mercy with thee, O Lord, that thou mayeſt be feared, ſaith the Prophet *David*.

What Death is.

TO die is to be no more unhappy. If we conſider death aright, *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, enlivened at firſt by breath caſt upon it. Mors tinea eſt*, Death is a moth, ſaith *Job*, *ex veſte oritur Tinea, ex corpore mors*, the moth breeds out of the garment, death out of the body.

It

It is but a point of time interjected betwixt two extremes. A parentheſis, which interpoſed breaks no ſenſe, when the words meet again. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid eſt mors?* what is death? he anſwered, *Aut finis eſt, aut tranſitus*, 'tis either the end, or the paſſage; To die or to ſin is not power, but impotencie. The Emperour *Adrian* was told, *Mors eſt æternus ſomnus, divitum pavor, pauperum deſiderium*; Death is an eternal ſleep, the feare of rich men, the deſire of poor men. *Plato* ſaid it was *lex naturæ, tributum mortalium*, Natures law, Mortalities tribute. One termes it to be but the ceſſation of the ſoules functions. O, ſaith St. *Auguſtine, that I could ſee death*, not as it was, but as thou, Lord, haſt now made it! As it hath the dominion of ſin, it is the greateſt Monarch, and the ancienteſt King of the world. *Death hath reigned from Adam to Moſes*, ſaith Saint *Paul*, yet at laſt this King ſhall be conquered; *The laſt enemy to be deſtroyed is Death, O Death,*

Death, I will be thy death, ſaith Chriſt.

The Nature of death.

WHat is the nature of it, few know, though all ſhall feele it. But that muſt needs be nothing that hath no cauſe efficient, but deficient; *Poſt mortem nihil eſt, ipſaque mors nihil,* There is nothing after death, and death it ſelf is nothing too. It hath no eſſence, it is no ſubſtance, but privation; no creatures, but *creaturarum ſepultura,* the burial of the creatures, Therefore curiouſly to ſearch the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to ſee darkneſſe, *God made it not,* ſaith the book of *Wiſdom, nor is it mentioned as any of his works.* God that made all things, ſaw that all things which he had made were good; *Omne ens bonum, & omne bonum eſt ens;* every thing that hath being is good, and ſo every good thing hath a being. Therefore good Saint

Au-

Auguſtine ſaid finely, *Lord, thou haſt not made death; wherefore I beſeech thee ſuffer not that which thou haſt not made, to reigne over that which thou haſt made.* Yet it is no errour to ſay, that man made death. for curioſity (the itch of mans ſoul) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evil of death) thinking it had been good to know evil by deſiring to know it, made it: *Malum non dignoſcitur niſi per bonum*, Evil is not known but by good.

He that knew all other things knew not this one thing, that he knew enough. But ſo divine a thing is knowledge, (which is not given to keep, but to impart) that we ſee Innocency it ſelfe was ambitious of it.

Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the ſoule looked at. And that as yet begets a ſtudious ſcrutiny to diſcover things we can never know. By which we ſee, that although Nature her ſelfe be

be moderate in her desires, yet conceit is unsatiable, mans brain will never leave working, till his pulse ceases beating; nevertheless no man knowes so much, but it is through ignorance that he doth so ill, *nam nemo sciens malus*; for no man that understands can be evil: and, as one saith well, there is now no fear of knowing too much, but there is much feare of practising too little. Man is the son of desires; But since God hath revealed more then we can know, enough to make us happy, let us learne sober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge and Power are the natural mans God; but know thy selfe, O man, and then be proud if thou canst.

The Authour of Death.

WHo then was the Authour of death? *Sol in cœlo, Sal in terra*; the Sun in Heaven, Salt in the earth: the two great Regents, one in Heaven,

Heaven, the other on earth; yet neither of theſe produced it: who ever was the father of it, Sin was the mother; for ſaith Saint *James*, *Sinne being finiſhed, travelleth in childe-birth*, like a mother, to *bring forth death*; Our grand-mother *Evah*, ſo named as mother of the living, yet was brought to bed of Death. *Adam* falling, ſinne followes him. Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by ſin Death enters. Every father is an *Adam* to his childe, conveighing corruption in his generation.

Good Saint *Auguſtine* puts the Devil this queſtion; *Satan quare invidiſti homini ſtanti, te cadente?* O Satan, why being fallen thy ſelf, didſt thou envie man that he ſhould ſtand? Death had no intereſt in man till ſin had diſpoſſeſſed him of the free-hold he had in God. *There was no truſt in Gods ſervants*, ſaith *Eliphaz*, but even Angels were tharged with folly.

Therefore do the devil right; he did but perſwade, not compel: it

it was in mans choice to ſtand or fall.

Adam acceperat poſſe quod vellet, non velle quod poſſet; Nos accepimus & poſſe quod volumus, & velle quod poſſumus. Ille poſſe non mori, nos non poſſe mori. Sic Auguſtinus. *Adam* had received a power to do what he would, but not a will to do what he might; we have received both power to do what we will, and to will what we are able. He a power not to die, we a power not but to die. So St. *Augnſtine.*

Power of ſtanding man had from God, but poſſibility of falling from himſelfe. Therefore, though we may thank our firſt Parents for our birth-ſin; yet we may thank our ſelves for improving it. Wherefore the old *Letanie* ſaid well, *A me ſalva me, Domine,* O Lord, ſave me from my ſelf.

All mans vertues were given him but in truſt, and under a condition; he abuſed the truſt, and brake the condition, ſo incurred the penalty. Such is mans nature, ever ſub-

ſubject to extremity, either dull in want, or wanton in fruition *Ne moriemini*, leſt ye die, was a fair warning, but he cared not for it. With men counſels are like faces; that which is faire, pleaſes. But had the minde governed the eye, the Apple could not have beguiled, though it was faire to look to. The proud aſpiring thought was hatcht in man. The devil was the promoter, ſin was the author, and we being partners in the ſin, ſhared in the puniſhment, *Facinus quos inquinat, æquat*; ſin equals all whom it poluteth.

Sith then death by ſin ſtole in at the window; (for the eye, that ſenſe of love, alwayes recoiles upon the heart, when it beholds that which is pleaſing) or rather at the eare, which is apt to liſten to ill counſel.

Let us caſt out ſin by the eares, the ſenſe of faith, in hearkening to Gods Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.

The name of Death.

FOr the name of Death, Saint *John* calls it a ſleep, *Amicus noſter Lazarus dormit,* Our friend *Lazarus* ſleepeth. Of Saint *Stephen* it was ſaid, *When he had thus ſpoken he ſlept.* The *Patriarchs* and Kings of *Judah* arr ſaid to *ſleepe with their fathers. Man,* ſaith *Job, lieth down and riſeth not.* He ſhall not be awaked ont of his ſleep, till the Heavens be no more; *Tranſitum ad vitam aliqui appellant mortem,* ſome call the paſſages to life death, ſaith St. *Bernard, Sed ideò Scriptura dormientes appellat, ut evigilaturos minimè deſperemus,* but therefore does Scripture call them men aſleep, that they may not deſpaire to awake: *He is not dead,* ſaith *David, but ſleepeth, whoſe fleſh doth reſt in hope.*

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint *Pauls* myſtery is, *We ſhall not all ſleep, but we ſhall all be changed.*

The

The night ſavours of mortality and ſleep, that *Mors brevis* ſhort death, is but the ſhadow of death; and where the ſhadow is, the body cannot be farre off; *Umbra fugit ſequentem, ſequitur fugientem. Aequiritur terra procumbentibus*: the ſhadow flies him that follows it, followes him that flies it. The earth is obtained by them that fall down upon it.

Well ſaid Saint *Auguſtine. In vita vigilant juſti, ideò in morte dicuntur dormire.* The righteous watch in life, therefore they are ſaid to ſleep in death.

When God made a helper unto man, he ſent a ſleep upon him. *Somnium ægrotantium, ut novimus ſalutis eſt indicium*: The ſleep of the ſick, we know, is a ſigne of health. It is Chriſts ſaying, If he ſleep, he ſhall do well.

But let it be *Mors à morſu*, death from devouring, which our firſt Parents taſted, or *Mors à mora*, death from delay, which yet tarries for us all; Let her be ſtiled Lady, Mi-

ſtreſſe of the world, that will not be courted, nor yet caſt off. Yet is ſhe but *vox tantùm*, a voice only, a thing next to nothing. *ſolo timenda ſono*, to be feared only for the ſound.

Better it is called a transfiguration, or tranſmigration from life, by death to life again; *Exitus, non tranſitus: tranſitus quem ire non intelleximus, tranſiſſe ſentimus*: a departure, not a paſſage: or a paſſage which we feel gone, but not going.

The grave is but a withdrawing-room, to retire in for a while, a going to bed to take reſt ſweeter then ſleep. And when it is time to riſe *Cum expergiſcar*, when I awake, *Then ſhall I be ſatisfied*, ſaith the Prophet *David*.

Death common to all.

IN the mean time it is common to all. *Mors etiam ſaxis nominibúſque venit*, death ſeizeth upon even ſtone themſelves and names All men muſt pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their creditours; and it is a favour afforded

afforded by nature, *Quod gravissimum fecit, fecit commune; ut crudelitatem fati consolaretur æqualitas*, that what she hath made most grievous, she hath made common; that the equality of fate might comfort the cruelty of it. *Who lives, and shall not see death?* only vertue stands exempt from death.

The fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead, Nay, even *Christ* himselfe, *being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself, and became obedient to death*; It is as natural to die, as to be born; yet when we say a man dies naturally, we speak improperly; for a man dies not as a beast, *per annihilationem Naturæ, sed per statutum*, by an annihilation of nature, but by a law: not by chance, course of nature, nor influence of stars but then and therefore because it is so appointed, *Statutum est omnibus semel mori*: It is appointed for all once to die. Disease and Death know no faces; in the grave all look alike; *Lazarus* sores will make as good dust as *Jezabels* paint.

It is the municipal law of the earth, to die once; of Heaven, to live ever; of hell, to die for ever. *Orimur, morimur*, we are borne, we die. Like *Jonas* Gourd, we come in a night, and are gone in a night; we come into the world with a sheet about us, no sooner borne, but going to be buried. *Seneca* sayes truly, We are born crying, we live laughing, and die sighing.

For all this man is even with Death, *Nunquam enim magnis ingeniis chara in corpore mora est*: To stay in the body is never desired by any great wits; The good soule *aegrè fert has angustias*, endures these straits with trouble. Therefore what great thing doth death in hastening dayes? This shewes infirmity, rather then power. Age doth more, *Nil enim non longa demolitur vetustas*, for there is nothing which length of time does not demolish; Death only shortens time, not life, for lifes time shortens by lengthening; *Morimur, quod mortibus vivimus: morieris, non quia agrotas, sed quia*

quia vivis; we die becauſe we live by dying: and thou ſhalt die, not becauſe thou art ſick, but becauſe thou liveſt.

But this all men are to know,

That *Mortis meritum eſt peccati debitum*, the merit of death is the debt of ſin, both impoſed on man for ſin.

Life but a dying death.

SIth then it is a ſtatute made in Heaven, *Omnibus ſemel mori*, for all once to die, and that life is ſo momentany, death ſo certain, *Splendemus licèt, Heu quàm citò frangimur, corpora vitrea!* ſhine we never ſo bright, yet alas, glaſſy bodies, (how quickly are we broken! Man, ſaith the Prophet *Jeremy*, fades like a leafe, and ſinne like a winde takes him away. Be the time of mans reprieve never ſo long, die he muſt. And ſince life it ſelfe is no true living, but a dying being, and ſuch a being as every day pants for

breath, which nature fans upon it for a while; And since death is no death, but a going unto Heaven, and Heavens coming unto us, *abitus non obitus*, a departure, not a death: How can a man but think it a well-spent life, alwayes to be meditating upon Death?

But, saith *Xenophon*, *Cur vitam contemnendam putas, & babes?* Why doest thou think life is to be contemned, and yet lovest life? I will not enquire nor require more of Death but Death. *Erras enim qui interrogas, Quid sit mors, & propter quod mortem petam? Quæris enim aliquid supra summum,* Thou art deceived that askest, what is Death, and why am I to desire Death? for thou seekest something beyond the furthest.

This I am sure of, All mans happinesse here is his holinesse, and his holinesse shall hereafter be his happinesse.

Life

Life after Death.

BUt if a man die, ſhall he live again? Yes, ſaith S. *Paul*, *We that are in this Tabernacle, ſigh and are burthened, becauſe we would not be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be ſwallowed up of life.*

— Phœnix ſponte crematur,
Ut redeat, proprióque ſolet pubeſcere letho.
Sic tu corpus coactum
Diſce re mutata melior procede figura.

—The Phœnix freely burnes,
And by her own death to new youth returnes.
So do thou learne unforced to reſigne
Thy body, whoſe chang'd ſhape ſhall brighter ſhine.

The brighteſt dayes die into darknights, but riſe again a mornings: Though the body ſleep a while in duſt, yet ſhall it riſe again

after thy likeneſſe. *As for me*, ſaith *David*. *I will behold thy face in righteouſneſſe, and I ſhall be ſatisfied when I awake with thy likeneſſe.* And thus ſaith holy *Job*, *Though my fleſh be all conſumed to bones, yet thy Spirit blowing on dead bones can revive them, and couple them again with ſinewes, and cloath them with fleſh.* The ſoule which *departed for a ſeaſon*, ſhall as St. *Paul* ſaid of *Oneſimus*, come again, and be received for ever. The grain caſt into the earth, after a froſt-biting, comes up the fairer. That body which *was ſowen a natural body, ſhall riſe a ſpiritual. Sowe in tears, reap in joy. Who ſo goeth forth weeping, carrying precious ſeed, ſhall return with joy, and bring their ſheaves with them.*

Thus we ſee God will be in no mans debt: Seeke God, and proſper.

Yet for all this, *Caro iſta pulveri erit.* This clod of earth muſt lie a while in duſt, *Sed reſurget tandem*, but it ſhal riſe again at laſt, as a *Queens daughter, all glorious within.*

For

For if in this life holineſſe maketh the face of a man to ſhine, by an irradiation from the heart; what ſhall be the beauty of the body glorified? ſurely though it be not deified, yet ſhall it be purified, perfected and immortalized. *Our vile bodies ſhall be changed, and faſhioned like his glorious body. Such glory have all his Saints.*

If then the change be ſuch, who would not be willing, yea, glad to die? *All the dayes of mine appointed time,* ſaith *Job, I will watch till my changing ſhall come.*

Nil minus eſt hominis occupati, quàm vivere; Quos autem felicitas gravat, exclamant illi, Mihi vivere non licet. A man of great buſineſſe does nothing leſſe then live; but thoſe whom happineſſe afflicts, cry out, they are not afforded time for life. It is a good minde in a man, to be content to die, and willing to live: But to be willing to die, and content to live, is the minde of a ſtrong Chriſtian.

Di-

Diligimus mortem pariter, paritérque timemus:
Ipſe metus te noſter amat.
At once we love, and yet we feare to die.
Our very feare loves thee, great deſtiny!

Death deſirable for three reſpects.

CHriſtus non ignarus vel quàm miſera eſſet hæc vita, vel quam optabilis preciosa mori, vitam faſtidiebat, mortem verò exoptabat: Chriſt Jeſus, who was neither ignorant of the miſeries of life nor how deſirable and precious death is, did loath life, but greatly deſired to die. When the Senatour *Cato* was asked a queſtion concerning death, *Si Deus (inquit ille) mihi largiatur, ut repueraſcam, valdè recuſo: nec tum me vixiſſe pœnitet, quia bene vixi; nec timeo mori quia ex hoſpitio, non domo diſcedam*: Should God, ſaid he, grant me ſuch a boon as to become young again, I ſhould ſeriouſly refuſe it; nei-

neither yet doth it trouble me to have lived, becauſe I have lived well; nor do I feare to die, being to leave not my houſe by it, but my Inne.

Could we as innocently wiſh our owne death, as the Saints do the day of Judgement, we might ſafely deſire it (for who can blame the deſire of advantage?) But ill circumſtances vitiate our deſires; collateral reſpects to our owne eaſe, as to be rid of troubles, freed of griefes, diſcontentments, and the like, theſe commonly beget ſuch a wiſh in us. *Elias* himſelf was ſo impatient of diſcontents, as he ſate him down under a Juniper-tree, deſiring that he might die, ſaying, *It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am no better then my Fathers.*

It is the ſaying of the Preacher, *Death is not to be ſought in the errour of youth, yet for ſome reſpects it may be deſired.*

Portus eſt aliquando petendus, nunquam recuſandus: The Haven muſt be ſought for ſometimes, and is no time to be deſpiſed

1. As first, that so we may betimes leave off to sinne; Since sin lives in us, and leaves us not till death; *Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte, multo es divinior*: It was the saying of *Socrates*, when death approacheth thou groweſt more divine; *If the soules under the Altar cry, Usque quo, Domine?* How long, O Lord? If they solicitt for the day of Judgement, why not I see my day of Death, since Deaths day is but the Eve of Gods day? *Zenou* said, I have no fear but of old age.

2. Secondly, the soule that soon departs, *facilius ad superos iter facit, quia minus facis ponderisque traxit*, dispatcheth her journey to Heaven with more ease, because she hath contracted lesse dregges and pressure. And whats the distance 'twixt life and death? So little, as with the Ancients, the Embleme of life was *Oculus apertus*: *Mortis, clausus, non extinctus: nec plus interesse putaverunt inter mortem & vitam, quàm ictum oculi*, an open eye of

of death, a ſhut one, but not extinct: nor did they imagine any more difference betwixt death and life, then a poore twinkling of the eye is to ſight. Man is only a wink of life, his life and death joyned as near as joy and grief; where teares (the limbeck of the heart) expreſſe both.

3. Thirdly, that ſo we might the ſooner come to live indeed, be *in Patria*, in our countrey, where now we are but *in via*, in the way to it. Preſent life is not *vita, ſed via ad vitam*, not life, but the way to life. For which cauſe, ſaith S. *Bernard*, *Præcipitat quiſque vitam ſuam, futuri deſiderio laborat, præſentium tædio*: Every man throws his life headlong from him, labouring with a deſire after the future, and weary of the preſent. For when we ceaſe to be men, we begin to be as Angels.

Yet it is a wonder to ſee how we love the preſent, and leſſe eſteeme the future.

Men do commonly ſay, There is *Nullum tempus præter nunc*, no time but

but the now, the preſent; let that be true in time, yet it holds not in Divinity; for man muſt chiefly minde his ſoule. The preſent is not that which contents the ſoule; *Nimis anguſtat gaudia, qui præſentibus acquieſcit:* He too narrowly pincheth his own joyes, that reſteth ſatisfied with what is preſent. They are only creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleaſed with the preſent. Man is a future creature, the eye of his ſoule looks beyond this life, *Scrutatur quid ultra mundum. Futura & præterita illum delectant; Hæc expectatione, Illa recordatione:* He pries after ſomething beyond the world: future and paſt things both delight him; the former by their expectation, the other by remembrance.

Who ſo feeles not a deſire in his ſoule of ſomething beyond this life, is not ſetled in the point of immortality of the ſoule: for in every ſupernatural man there is imprinted an undeterminable deſire of more then preſent life can yield: Therefore

fore we do not determine out contentment in things preſent, but expect future things more, and greater then here we are capable of. *Speranti grandia, mediocria ſunt ingrata,* to one that hopes after great things, mean ones are unpleaſant. All things tend to their centre, the ſtones toſſed from the earth borrow wings to their weighty nature to deſcend beneath where they have their look: rivers are touched with amorous curioſity to re-viſit their mother the Sea: the pyramidal *Flames* of fire witneſſe they burne but with deſire only of joyning themſelves with their firſt beginning.

Heaven is our Centre, why ſhould not we be raviſhed to be there to joine as atomes to their unity, and as rayes to the bodie of their light? To ſhew us the way from aloft, thoſe torches of the night gallantly ſhew us their twinkling baits, they ſhine not to us, but to ſhew us the way of their Azure vaults, as being the only place of our repoſe.

The

The ſoules excellency.

BUt what is this ſoule that ſo delights in futures? Though it be ſhapeleſſe and immaterial, yet it would make a man heavenly proud to contemplate of how divine a nature, quality and eſſence it is: *Deificatur anima*, the ſoule is deified; If ſhe be conſidered in her eſſentiality: *Secundùm formam eſt Deus, ſecundum materiam eſt anima*, ſaith Saint *Bernard*, In her forme ſhe is a divine power, in her matter a ſoul. Heramative vertues unite her to God, all vertues elſe to her. Therefore ſaith St. *Ambroſe*, *Quàm pulchra es, O anima, peccata deſtruendo! Pulchrior mundum contemplando! Pulcherrima Deo amoroſè adhærendo!* How beautiful art thou made, O my ſoule, by having ſin aboliſht in thee! how more beautiful by contemplating this faire and glorious fabrick of the world! but moſt beautiful by adhering through love unto God! She

She partakes of the good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the ſoule;

Faciamus hominem ad ſimilitudinem noſtram. Let us make man after our own likeneſſe.

The body, though it have the honour to be companion with the ſoule, yet it is but her drudge; Chriſtians ſay of the ſoule, that's the man: the body is but the caſe: Heathens could ſay, The ſoul was *divinæ particula auræ*, a part of divine breth. Some will have it, *a ſpirit mixt of fire and air*; Others, *a ſelf-moving number*; *Sen.* ſaith, *Quid aliud eſt anima quàm Deus in corpore humano hoſpitans?* What is the ſoul elſe but a Deity ſojourning in mans body. Never any could give it ſuch a definition, that either another or himſelfe could conceive it. And no wonder, for it ſelf cannot conceive the own ſelf-excellencie, becauſe it ſuffered a compoſure before it ſelf was. *Triſmegiſtus* ſaith, The ſoule is the Horizon of time, in that it is immortall.

tall. It was the life of breath that gave it the breath of life: Therefore admiration rather then ſearch, becomes a man in ſuch a ſecret: yet ſo good is God to man, that wherein we cannot reach him, he commonly deſcends to us. *Tully* ſaid, *Mihi quidem nunquam perſuaderi potuit, animas, dum in corporibus eſſent mortalibus, vivere; cum exiſſent ex iis, emori*: No man could ever perſwade me, that our ſouls, whileſt they are in theſe mortal bodies ſhould live, and when they go forth thence, ſhould die. Saint *Bernard* ſaith better, *Anima non exuit formam nativam, ſed ſuperinduit peregrinam; illa addita, iſta non perdita*: the ſoule doth not put off her native beauty, but puts on a new one; this is added, but that is not loſt. And yet this ſpiritual eſſence of the ſoul was therefore clogged with an earthly body, that it ſhould not grow proud, as thoſe Angels did that fell.

Let me ever worſhip the great God of this little god my ſoule, *Et ne plus ultra*, and then ſearch no fur-

further. For this is an inquisition, fitter for Angelical intelligence, then mans shallow capacity.

Only this I know, that to no creature else God hath given a reasonable soule. Of creatures, the lowest ranke have no life, the next no essence, the third no reason; none but man hath grace; nor is there hope in any creature else but man, which hope is given him for the sustentation of his soul; *Anima enim non est instar Camaleontis, ut pascatur vento*, for the soul is not like a Camelion, to be fed with wind it cannot be fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the world. She is *ita generosa*, so generous, as nothing but that *summum bonum*, chief good, will satisfie her. St. *Austin* in a comparative betwixt things temporal and eternal, saith thus, We love things temporal before we have them, more then when we have them, because the soule when she hath them, cannot be satisfied with them: but things eternal when they are actually possessed, are more loved then when but desi-

desired; for neither faith could believe, nor hope expect so much as charity shall finde when eternity comes in possession. There is no soule in the world, how happy soever it thinks it self here, but points its apprehensions beyond what he possesses here.

He that contemplates these things, will beare himself too loftily, and think himself too good to look so low as to these sublunary things, he will despise *vilia terræ*, base things of earth, as *ludibria mundi*, the laughing-stocks of the world.

Angustus est animus quem terrena delectant, that soule is too narrow that is pleased with things earthly; Man only admires *magnalia cœli*, the great things of Heaven.

How then can this beauty be pleased to inhabit long *contubernio isto*, in this pitiful lodging? *Bring my soule out of prison*, saith *David*, *that I might praise thee.*

Non sum ubi nunc sum, I am not where I am now, saith the soul.

As for the body, all it cares, is but

ſepulture: for although the carcaſe be inſenſible of any poſture or poſition, yet honeſt ſepulture is a bleſſing. That body which had the honour to be the Temple of ſuch a gueſt as the Holy Ghoſt, deſervs this favour.

But becauſe many times the houſes of the dead, and the urned bones do meet with foule hands, for this alſo Nature hath provided, *Ut diſertè ait Mœcenas, Nec tumulum quæro.*

Sepelit natura relictos.

As *Mœcenas* ſpeaks well,

—— I ſeek no Tombe,
Nature will give our bones a burying room.

It is one of the petitions of every good ſoule?

Adveniat Regnum tuum, *Thy Kingdome come*, O Lord; yet ſaith St. *Auguſtine*, *Hoc nitimur & reluctamur*, *Quis non gemens, quis non recuſans exit? Quis cum acceſſerit, non tergiverſatur, timet, plorat?* This is that we both ſtrive for, and yet reſiſt: who does not go out groaning

ing and grumbling for all this? who is it, that when death comes on, does not ſhrink back, and fear, and weep?

Mans croſſe nature.

IN all things elſe obſerve how contrarily we carry our ſelves. The labourer from his work haſtens to his bed: The Marriner rowes hard to gain the Port; The Traveller is glad when he is within kenning of his Inne; yet we, when death comes to put us into our Port, ſhun it as a rock, we feare what we ſhould wiſh, and wiſh that we ſhould feare.

O fortunatiorem Marcellum, eo tempore quo exilium ſuum Bruto approbavit, quàm quo Populo Romano Conſulatum. O *Marcellus*! more fortunate then when thy exile was approved by *Brutus*, then thy Conſulſhip by the people of *Rome*.

Mans better choice.

HEare, O Christian, what the *Pagan* saith.

Quid ni non timeat qui mori ſperat? why hath not he cause to fear, that yet hopes to die?

It is harder to make a true Philosopher patient of life, then of death.

Hic ſpe mortis patienter dolet,
Et tædio doloris libenter moritur:
Hunc fert, illam expectat.
Sed expecta, mors tardè venit.

This man in hope of death mourns quietly,
And tired with grief as willingly would die:
Expecting death, he sinks not under woe;
For wait a little, death comes sure, though slow.

Therefore said Saint *Paul, I am in a ſtrait betwixt two, whether to live in the fleſh were profitable for me; and which to chuſe I wot not.* Yet at last resolved, *Live or die, Christ* was to

him *advantage*: Therefore *to be loosed and to be with Christ*, was best of all.

Till then, God grant,

That I may have *vitam in patientia, mortem vero in desiderio*, life as the object of my patience, but death of my desire.

So shall I fulfil my course with joy: Life not deare, nor Death grievous.

Life and Death compared.

IN elder times, both wise men, great men, and vaine men, had death in such estimation, and so undervalued life, as they fondly said, Had man been worthy to know what life was, before he received it, he would have been loath to accept it; *Nemo vitam acciperet, si daretur scientibus*, no man would take life did he know what is given him. Life would have kept us in slavery, but that death freed us. The heathen gods held death to be mans *summum bonum*, chief good; Therefore

Tro-

Trophonius, when he had built and dedicated that goodly Temple at *Delphos*, asked of *Apollo* for his recompence, that thing which was beſt for man; the Oracle bade him go home, and within three dayes he ſhould have it, within which time he died. They counted death but the retreat of life, *Optimum naturæ inventum*, the beſt diſcovery of nature. For by it every man might make himſelfe happy, no man be longer miſerable then he will; *Placéne vita? vive: non placet? licet eò reverti unde veniſti*; does life pleaſe thee? live ſtill; does it not pleaſe? thou mayeſt return thither, whence thou cameſt. They thought no ſtate miſerable, but that which death could not remedy: wherefore, ſay they, a wiſe man lives but ſo long as he ſhould, not ſo long as he can.

If death were not in our power, we ſhould deſire it more then now we fear it. *Phocion* in *Athens* being condemned to die, the Executioner refuſed to do his office, unleſſe he had twelve *Drachmaes* paid him

in hand; *Phocion ne mora fieret morti*, leſt death ſhould be put to attendance, borrowed it of a friend, and gave it him.

Quemadmodum Athenis, *inquit, ne mori gratis licet, Magiſtra rerum Ratio*, even as at Athens (ſaid he) that men might not die cheaply, reaſon the Miſtreſſe of all thing, taught them, that common ſafety lay in death; *Et invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti*; and he that ſaves a man againſt his will, does no leſſe then he that kills him. Life was ſubject to many fortunes; *Sed in eo qui ſcit mori, nil poſſe fortunam*, but fortune cannot harme him that knowes how to die. This made them cheriſh theſe deſperate conceits, *Nil referre faciatne finem an recipiat*; that it made no matter whether a man cauſed his own end, or received it, thinking it bravery to uſe miſchief for a remedy. Though life be not, yet death is at a mans command; *Mors nihil aliud eſt quam velle*, death is no more but to be willing; in which reſpect no

man

man could complain of life, *Quia neminem tenet*, because it bindes no man. If any man did complain, this was their wish:

Mors utinam pavidos vitæ subducere nollet,
Sed virtus hanc sola daret.

Oh! that death would not life from cowards take,
But that the prize of valour only make.

In scorne some said, *Egone expectem, vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominis, cum possim medio exire tormento, & adversa discutere?* What shall I wait, for either the cruelty of a disease or of a man? when as I can in the height of my torment go off at my pleasure, and throw off all adversity. But their bravest conceit was worse, that it was *genus mortis generosum*, a generous kinde of death, for a man to be authour of his own death. If it be permitted to desire death, why is it ill to give it to themselves? *Sed furor est, ne moriare, mori.* But this is madnesse certainly, that thou mayest not die, to die.

To maintain by reaſon, as well as courage, this was their aſſertion. Death was natural, therefore welcome any way. *Vivere noluit, qui mori non vult*: He could have no minde to live, that hath none to die: He is ſorry that he was a man, that is not glad to die. It is inevitable, therefore we muſt be reſolute; *Fe-ras, non culpes, quod vitari non poteſt*; Beare well, not blame what cannot be avoided. Fooles flie it, old men attend it, wiſe men wiſh it. Nay, ſome ſo prided themſelves in this way, that for care, feare or griefe they would not die; *Non inferam mihi manus propter dolorem*, I will not lay hands upon my ſelfe for any griefe, nor yet for feare: *Stultum eſt timore mortis mori*; 'tis a fooliſh thing to die for feare of death; nor yet through threats of torments: *Sic mori vinci eſt. Sed ſi cœperat ſuſpecta eſſe fortuna, ſi multa occurrebant moleſta, tranquillitatem turbantia*: to die ſo is to be vanquiſh't: but if ſo be their fortune began to grow doubtful, and many troubles ap-

appeared, disturbing their peace, then it was fortitude to dispatch them; how, or with what, it mattered not.

Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto ſecuritas conſtat, ſaid *Seneca*, A way was ſoon opened to a great liberty with a little pen-knife, and by one prick thereof full ſafety ſecured, when he bled to death.

Cato will die, becauſe the Common-wealth declined; *Nerva*, becauſe the Lawes were not kept; *Silvianus*, becauſe he would not live at the mercy of his enemy: *Lucretia*, to cover a diſhonour; Thus may folly do that which Nature cannot defend.

But where are *theſe Diſputers of the World*, ſaith Saint *Paul*? Others thought death was to be expected till Nature called for it, or Juſtice took it. For defence of a mans Countrey, Lawes, or Religion, men might *ponere animas ſuas*, lay down their lives; but not for oſtentation, or in diſcontentment.

Bona res est mori sua morte, 'Tis good to die a mans own natural death.

Yet some will die for wantonness, if they want their wills.

Life was given to manage to the utmost. Having but the use of our lives, we are bound to husband them to the best advantage.

Every one is here set Centinel, and not to leave the place till his Captain call him off.

Non est optima quæ placet, sed quæ decet, that is not the best death which pleaseth, but which becomes me.

That death was best, which was well recollected, quietly suffering what it could not possibly prevent.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest, that man does valiantly, that can be contentedly unhappy.

It is not enough to die with a Romane courage, nor to be as resolute as *Cato*, who told *Cæsar*, he feared his pardon more then the paine he threatned; nor yet that the cause of death be just; but it must

must be also necessary, unsought, inevitable.

But let go this discourse, my Contemplation lies another way.

Only this let me say, Divines need not be ashamed to weare the Jewels and the eare-rings of Egyptians; they are in many things so full of lustre, and so excellent.

Man in this world lives by appointment, and God for his own purposes makes life sweet, and death terrible. Many there are that feare not so much to be dead, as to die. *Assiduè variatur homo per adversa & prospera, & nescit quando moriatur*, a man is continually changing betwixt good and evil, and knows not when he shall die.

To labour not to die, is labour in vaine. To live without feare of death, is to die living. *Secura vita est mare mortuum*, a secure life is a dead sea. *Mordecai* said to *Hester*, Canst thou be so vainly timorous as to die for feare of death?

This let a wise man do; *Quod necesse est, ne timeat; Quod incertum*

eſt, ſemper expectet; let him not fear what muſt needs be, and let him expect ever what but may be. But he neither feares not feels death, that hath his hopes in heaven.

Zenon was wont to ſay, there was no Happineſſe but Life, it introducing eternity; no unhappineſſe but living long, it prolonging miſery: for the beſt condition of it was but a variety of vanity; wherefore, as life was welcome, ſo age was to him fearful; the moſt afflicted men draw comforts from the hopes of death; Therefore

Seek not conſolation againſt death, but let death be thy conſolation. Comforter is his Name: In death there is comfort againſt death. *Mortem optare malum, timere pejus*: 'Tis evil to pray for death, but 'tis worſe to feare it. But to make death eaſie, look thorow death at glory, think not ſo much of death, as of the glory that followes it: at the worſt, *Mors non auſert vitam, ſed in melius transfert*; death doet not take away life, but removes it for

for the better: life gives way to death, and makes way for it. If it be ſharp for the time, *Puer es, ſi mavis manere inſanus, quàm medicinam ſuſtinere amaram*; Thou art but a childe, if thou hadſt rather continue ſick, then take an unpleaſant phyſick. A man will eaſily ſwallow a bitter pill to gaine health. The Phyſician helpes us not without paine, and yet we reward him for it. *Job* ſaith of *death, From ſix troubles it delivereth, & in ſeptima,* and in the ſeventh, that is, at point of death, *non tanget te malum*; no evil ſhall touch thee; *Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.* Fit your ſelf for it, and you will never fear it; do by it as you do in other things; when you would go to ſleep, you put off your cloaths, you draw the Curtains, put out the Candle, and go to bed: Thus as it were acting ſleep, before you go to ſleep: ſo addreſſe your ſelfe to death, and then as a Father ſaith,

Erit ſomnus dilectis initium refrigerii,
Scala montis, Janua vitæ, Ingreſſus in Tabernaculum.

Death begins reſt to them whom God doth love,
'Tis Heavens ladder, gate to life above.

Bring your ſelf acquainted with death, that when it comes you may entertaine it, *non ut hoſtis, ſed ut hoſpes*, not as an enemy, but as a gueſt; not as a foe, but as a friend: not as a ſtranger, but as a gueſt that you had long looked for: and bid welcome death, more bleſſed then your birth.

Thus did *Solomon* upon his Throne, extoll his Coffin above his Crown. What a grief then is it to ſee great men in theſe dayes build houſes of that ſtrength and ſtate, as if they ſhould alwayes live, and yet ſo live, as if they had but mortal ſoules? like the old Romans, who thought eternity dwelt in Statues, and in marble Monuments. *Patres veteres habitabant in*

car-

cavernis; *Cain verò ædificavit civitatem in terra, ſed perdidit Cœlum*: Our Grandfathers lived in Caves, and *Cain* firſt built on earth, but loſt Heaven; *I dwell in Cedars, but Gods Ark remaines under Curtaines*, was *Davids* grief.

It is good counſel, *Effice mortem tibi familiarem, ut poſſis cùm ſors tulerit, illi lætus & alacriter obviam exire*, get familiar acquaintance with death, that when thy lot ſhall fall, thou mayeſt go forth glad and chearful to meet it. Though death be terrible, yet innocencie is bold.

As the thought of death daunts an ill liver; ſo it makes a good man, *Humilior, cautior, & cordatior*, more humble, more wary, and more fruitful. Yet do not as the Duelliſts and Gallants of the times do, go into the field to ſeek death, and finde honour: Swift *Aſahel* had he gone but ſlowly, might have overtaken death, but he runs to fetch it; ſo do Combatants in theſe dayes. *Ubi infelix victoria cùm victor ſuccumbit vitio: nam aut moriens*

eris pro homicidio, aut vives homicida: where 'tis an unhappy victory for the Conquerour does baſely ſubmit to ſin, and thou ſhalt either die for murder, or live a murderer. Nor do not as the wits of the time do, put a ſcorne upon death; and to be accounted good company, dare abuſe God, deſpite death, and talke prophanely; yet no man for offending good fellowſhip, muſt reprove them: To be bitterly wittie in invectives pleaſes: and to have braine enough to be a *Timon*, ſeemes a jolly thing: but in theſe caſes ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, it is a fault not to finde fault; *Nam quemadmodum malus ſermo ducit in peccatum, ſic ſilentium relinquit in peccato*, for as wicked diſcourſe leades into ſin, ſo does ſuch ſilence leave a man in it: A man may be mannerly in the forme, but muſt be round in the matter: for a friend cannot make a more improvement of his friendſhip, then by a round reproof of his friend upon ſuch an occaſion.

One

One ſaith well, ſin doth ill in the eye, but worſe in the tongue: I know not, ſaith another, whether the maintenance of the leaſt evil be not worſe then the commiſſion of the greateſt: for this may be of frailty, that argues obſtinacy. Likewiſe, prophane ſpeeches, how ſharp ſoever, are ever hateful to a good eare. Wherefore play not the wanton with *heaven*, take no part with wit againſt godlineſſe; ſuch aire poiſons goodneſſe, brings ſadneſſe at the laſt.

Seneca obſerving that ill men in their converſation, and good men in their prayers made over-bold with God, gave this counſel, So deal with men, as if God ſaw thee; ſo ſpeak to God, as if men heard thee: but ſay the good fellows of the world, *Offendatur Deus, nec contriſtetur amicus*, let God be diſpleaſed, rather then thy friend diſtaſted. Let us enjoy our ſelves, to what elſe ſerves the fulneſſe of our fortunes? but he counſels better that ſaith, *Temperanda eſt felicitas mundi, meditatione*

one

one mortis, ut vinum aqua dilutum; The happineſſe of the world is to be tempered with the remembrance of death, as wine is with water; ſuch an allay proſperity requires.

To this end good *Joſeph* built his Sepulchre in his garden; *Saul* is no ſooner anointed King, but was ſent to *Rachels* ſepulchre; ſome *Philoſophers* had their graves alwayes open before their gates, that going out and coming in, they might alwayes think of death: for in life they found comforts to be rare, croſſes frequent, pleaſures momentany, pains permanent.

In this world we are all *Benonies*, the ſons of ſorrow; the way to heaven is by weeping croſſe. The Kalendar tells us, we come not to Aſcenſion-day, till the Paſſion-week be paſt.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compreſſa, quieſcunt.

All

All thoſe proud ſtrifes that break great ſpirits peace,
Throw but a little duſt on them, will ceaſe.

It is obſerved, that moſt of other creatures live long, but dying periſh all to nothing: Therefore ſome complain of Nature, that ſhe hath given too long a life to a Raven, and too ſhort a life to a man. Man that is ſhort-lived, yet he dying, lives eternally: Think but of this, and you will think as Saint *Bernard* did, that life were little better then hell, were it not for the hope of heaven.

Surely Chriſt would not have died, but that we may die in ſafety: he by death, in death, delivered us from death.

And did Chriſt die for me, that I might live with him? I will not therefore deſire to live long from him. Who would not go out of himſelf to go to God?

It is a token of little love to God, to be loath to go to God. All men go willingly to ſee him whom they

they love. Our brother *Joseph* liveth; therefore, though with *Jacob* I cannot say, I will go see him before I die; Yet, Lord, let me die, that I may see him whom my soule loveth; living I cannot, but dying I shall.

The danger is, lest difficulties and delights hinder our resolutions: Difficulties should not, For since *Adams* fall none passes unto Paradise, but by burning Seraphims; We cannot go out of *Egypt*, but thorow the Red-sea. Those children of Israel before they came to Hierusalem, took in their way the valley of teares, and crossed the swift river Jordan, before they came to the sweet waters of Siloam. Pleasures may hinder: For even that good Saint *Augustine* was once of the minde, that he would not leave present pleasures for future hopes; but afterwards said with sorrow, *Pudeat vivere in deliciis, cùm Christus vixit in periculis*, It is a shame to live deliciously, when as Christ lived dangerously.

Moses

Moſes when he came of yeares, refuſrd to be called the ſon of *Pharaohs* daughter, chuſing rather to ſuffer affliction wirh Gods children, then to enjoy the pleaſures of ſin for a ſeaſon. Proſperous fortunes many times hinder a cheerful dying: but this petulant world muſt be left: The vain pride of man befooles him, and eaſily carries him to ridiculous affectations: But conſcience of ſin muſt not be exchanged for the ſenſe of pleaſure. To labour in conquering vice is the greateſt pleaſure we ſhould take. The holy man exclaimes. *O quàm multi ſunt qui mundum damnant, & tamen pauci relinquunt*! Alas, bow many are there that raile at the world, and how few that leave it! Every ſenſe about us, upon the leaſt temptation, is a traitour to the ſoule. The body it ſelf, if you ſet too high a price upon it, will make a cheap ſoule. *Magna corporis cura, magna mentis incuria*: Our care for the body is great, and our careleſneſſe of the ſoul no leſſe. A man may

may be as happy in Ruſſet as in Tiſſue; and he is an unhappy man, whoſe out-ſide is his beſt ſide: vile is Nature in her beſt dreſſe. It was good counſel of the Preacher, Care not for glorious apparel, but apparel your ſelf with glory. A ſpruce Romane, riding on a lean Jade, was asked by the Cenſor his reaſon, he anſwered, *Ego curo meipſum, Statius verò equum,* I look to my ſelf, but my man to my horſe. So vaine men look to their bodies, look who liſt to their ſoules. *Dominam ancillari, & ancillam dominari abuſio eſt,* ſaith *Stella,* 'Tis a great abſurdity, that the Miſtreſſe ſhould play the handmaid, and the handmaid command.

Alſo high fortunes lead men to ſtrange faſhions; but if we would be of the Court of Heaven, we muſt faſhion our ſelves as the Countriman doth, who when he comes to Court, ſoon ſhakes off his Clowniſh tricks, and gets a civil behaviour: *Mundum cum ſuis frivolis,* the world with all its trifles, a good man muſt contemn. If

If you would live well, live in awe of all eyes, and especially take heed where you live; for the very place of pleasure is dangerous. In Paradise *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradise he was a good man. *Adam* was set upon in Paradise, *Job* on the dunghil; yet *Iob* was *fortior in stercore, quam Adam in Paradiso*, stronger on the dunghil, then *Adam* was in Paradise; We are no *Davids* now adayes, therefore let us not be too venturous: *David* when he had seen the magnificencie and state of the Court, yet thought never the worse of his retired life, but lov'd his hook the better: And when afterwards he came from keeping sheep to be a Shepherd of men, he changed his state without change of his disposition; but this is not our condition now adayes; we are more for our sheep then our soules. Man is the son of desires, but judge not of things by the face of things, for life and death have deceivable vizards, under the faire face of life

lurks

lurkes grief, under the foule feature of death (which is but fancie) lies felicity; take off the mask, and you will change your minde, loath that you loved, love that you loathed.

Vita habitu casto, cùm non sit casta videtur:
Mors præter cultum nil meretricis habet.

Life, though she be not chaste, would fain seeme so,
And death hath nothing whorish but the show.

The kindes of death.

THe kindes of death as of life are two, one bodily, the other spiritual:

Bodily life is the conjunction of body and soule, bodily death is the separation of body and soule. And as a godly man hath three degrees of life. The first in this life when Christ lives in him; The second, when his body returnes to earth,

earth, and his ſoule to God that gave it: The third, at the end of the world, when body and ſoule re-united ſhall enjoy heaven:

So likewiſe a wicked men hath three degrees of death; Dead in ſinne while he lives; Dead in ſoul when he dies; Dead in body and ſoule, when both ſhall be adjudged and condemned.

Malis fit mors ſine morte, evil men die a death that never dies.

Finis ſine fine, an endleſſe end.

Defectus ſine defectu, a decay that ſhall never decay.

Quia mors vivit, finis ſemper incipit, & deficere defectus neſcit.

Becauſe their death lives, and their end alwayes begins, and their decay knows not to decay.

On the other ſide, to the faithful death is but the finiſhing of his mortification, and burying of his ſinne.

Free-

Freedome of Death.

THe freedomes we have by Death are many.

1. Firſt, from all worldly injuries. Here good men do but live and ſuffer; *Bene agere, & malè pati*, do well and ſuffer ill; that's their portion; Sufferings are greater trials then actions, but they prepare to happineſſe: It is good for me that I have been afflicted, ſaith *David*. *Non ſentire mala, non eſſet hominis, non ferre, non eſſet viri*: He that does not feel evils, is no man, he that cannot bear them, is a woman: but what are momentany afflictions to an eternal weight of glory?

2. Secondly, it ends all. Miſery is a privative good, putting a period to all ill: Man in miſery, ſaith *Job*, *longs for death, and digs for it more then treaſure*; *Mors finis eſt, non pœna*, death is but an end, not a paine: Nay, ſaith one, *Nec finis, nec pœna*; *bonis lex eſt, non pœna perire*. It is neither end nor paine, but to

good

good men a law rather then a punishment. It is another *Moses* unto man, delivering him out of bondage, and making brick in *Egypt*.

It ends sin, not life: it reformes, but doth not destroy nature.

Vitiorum est sepultura, virtutum Resurrectio; There is a burial of vices, but a resurrection of vertues.

3. Thirdly, it frees from all corporal infirmities.

Mors omnium dolorum solutio; death is the disbanding of all griefs.

Life it selfe is a disease, and we die by corruption of humours, whether they be of body or manners: who so thinks to heale all infirmities with an easier plaister then death: *Delinimenta potiùs quàm remedia podagræ suæ ponit*, applies rather flatteries to his gout then remedies.

4. Fourthly, it frees us from all bodily labours: Man is the subject of the earth by labour, of heaven by suffering. The *Spirit* saith, *Blessed are they that die in the Lord, they*

reſt from their labours. *Adeò juvat occupatum mori*, ſo pleaſant is it to a buſie man to die; Here I have labour without reſt, there I ſhall have reſt without labour. In this reſt perfect tranquillity, in this tranquillity contentment, in this contentment joy, in this joy variety, in this variety ſecurity, in this ſecurity eternity; ſo to reſt, to riſe, to reign, what more to be wiſhed?

5. Fifthly, it eaſes us of all cares and troubles: *Refrigeries eſt anima*, Refection to the ſoule; Were we but in a throng, we would think that man at eaſe who gets out firſt. *Noah*, when he had been toſſed but a yeare upon the waters, then Mount *Ararat* was to him a gladſome place; ſo likewiſe miſerable man after many weariſome yeares toſſed up and down the world as in a troubled ſea, will be glad of death, as of Mount *Ararat*, a reſting place for his tired ſoule.

Old *Chaucers* Epitaph is a good one:

Mors ærumnarum requies, death is the repoſe of cares.

The long ſick man wrote upon his grave-ſtone; *Hic ero ſanus*, here I ſhall be well.

In warre we often relieve the Watch: Life is a warfare, yet hath no relief but death.

6. Laſtly, death doth us not the leaſt pleaſure in freeing us from phantaſmes and vaine pleaſures: *Periclitatur enim caſtitas in deliciis, Pietas in negotiis, Veritas in multiloquio, charitas in ſeculo*; for in pleaſures our chaſtity is endangered, in buſineſſe our piety, our truth in much ſpeech, our charity in things worldly.

And yet ſome pleaſures may ſtand with innocency; For God loves to ſee his creatures happy, but commonly the pleaſures of the body are the poiſons of the ſoule: a man ſmothered in Roſes meetes with Death, though in ſweetneſſe; *Delicatas enim mentes enervat felicitas*: proſperity cuts the ſinews of delicate ſpirits. In vain mirth there is

no true joy, nor yet gladneſſe in laughter; *Nam res eſt ſevera verum Gaudium*, for true joy is a ſerious matter: The only object of true joy is God; *In the multitude of ſorrowes that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreſhed me, and do delight my ſoul*, ſaith *David*.

Delight in pleaſures, and you ſhall finde your greateſt pleaſures become your bittereſt paines.

Miſer homo, cujus gaudium crimen habet, what a ſad wretch is poor man, whoſe very joy is not innocent.

But cheriſh that Syntereſis, the natural power in the ſoule, nnd that will ſtirre you up to a cheerefulneſſe in goodneſſe; *Ne quæras Deum in hortis & paſcuis deliciarum: Moſes eum invenit in ſpinis & aſperitate vitæ*, ſeek not God in the gardens and green medows of pleaſures, for *Moſes* found him in the thornes and roughneſſe of life.

A man, whoſe ſoule is converſant with *God*, ſhall finde more pleaſure in the deſart and in death, then

then in the Palace of a Prince.

Soveraignty reaches not to the affaires of Nature; even Princes muſt die: *I have ſaid you are gods, but you ſhall die like men*

The benefits by Death.

THe benefits that come by Death: Fulneſſe of Grace which here we have but in part; *Vivere velint homines ut perfecti ſint, mori volunt & perfecti ſunt*, men would live to be perfect, but they are ſo only when they are as willing to die. Here we have but *Arrham Spiritus*, the earneſt of the Spirit, there we ſhall have *Pretium*; *ſedete à dexteris*; our reward, ſit ye on my right hand, will be our welcome. Here mens regeneration is never accompliſhed: by death it is fully perfected.

Secondly, perfection of Glory; now I know but in part; but then I ſhall know as I am known: now I ſee darkly, as in a glaſſe, then ſhall I

ſee face to face. There ſhall be new Heavens, new earth, the world ſhall be made better, not nothing. *Suſcipit enim meliorationem, non interitum,* it receives a bettering, not a deſtruction. *Old things are paſſed away, behold,* ſaith S. *Paul, all things are become new. There ſhall be no more an infant of dayes, nor an old man that hath not filled his dayes,* ſaith *Eſay.* The Heavens you behold ſhall be ſuper-inveſted with new endowments, made everlaſting habitations for the Saints departed: *Erimus participes, non tantùm ſpectatores gloriæ,* we ſhall be ſharers, not only ſpectators of glory; enjoy with theſe eyes *viſionem illam beatificam,* that bleſſed viſion; joy unſpeakable, *and this joy,* ſaith S. *John, no man ſhall take from you.*

Thirdly, inſeparable fellowſhip with Chriſt: *They follow the Lamb whitherſoever he goeth.* There we ſhall be married to him, here we be but contracted; *Deſponſabo te mihi* I will marry thee to me, ſaith the Prophet. Thoſe favours and love-tokens

tokens I have here received, do but inflame, not satisfie; and these I am willing to part with, lest they should make me loth to depart to him that gave me them

Meretricius est amor, plus annulum quàm sponsum amare; 'tis the love of whores, more to value the gold-ring then the bridegroom.

Lastly, it brings me where I would be, into my owne *Countrey*, into *Paradise*, where I shall meet, not as in the *Elizium* of the *Poets*, *Catones*, *Scipiones & Scevola's*: But *Abraham*, *Isaac* and *Jacob*, the *Patriarchs* my fathers, the *Saints* my brothers, the *Angels* my friends; my wife, children and kinsfolks that are gone before me, and do attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we shall thus congratulate, as Saint *Paul* saith, we are met in Mount *Sion* the City of the living God, and the Celestial *Jerusalem*, in the company of innumerable Angels, where things that eye hath not seen, nor eare heard, nor heart of man can con-

ceive, are prepared for us and all that feare God.

Therefore I will ſay, *Lord*, when ſhall I come and appeare before thee? *Like as the Hart panteth for the water-brooks, ſo pants my ſoul for thee, O God: I had rather be a doore-keeper in thy houſe, then dwell here, though in Chambers of pleaſure*: and know this, that glory follows grace, if little grace be here, leſſe will be the glory hereafter.

Touch-

Touching the Second Generall Division.

II.

The Fears or Joys that Death brings

The Feares of Death.

Timor est dolor, all fear is grievous. *The King of feares* is Death; for nothing is absolutely fearful, but what tends to Death. *The living dog*, saith *Solomon, is better then the dead Lion.* The baseſt life excells the beſt bare being. Naturally men fear Death, becauſe it ends being, which Nature would preſerve. *Omnis dolor ſurgit ab amore*, all grief ariſeth from love: *Rachel mourned for her chil-*

dren, and would not be comforted, because they were not.

Very not-being is sufficiently abhorred by Nature; yet Death ends not-being.

Christians were wont to be of that courage, that they feared nothing but sinne: *Timuit mortem Petrus, & negavit Christum*, S. Peter feared death, and this made him deny Christ. But why should a man feare death that doth but restore him to him that made him. *Timeat mortem qui Deum non timet; sed si sperare desideras, desine timere*, let him feare death that does not feare God: but if thou desirest to hope, cease to feare. Feares, as all passions, do disquiet the heart; Yet just feare breeds but care, and feare mixt with faith solicites unto goodnesse; but distrustful feare, as over-confident hope, are both alike hurtful.

Sunt autem qui Deum nec timent, nec sperant, but there are some who neither feare God, nor trust in him. These men are desperate; Go on, and

and ſhut up a careleſſe life with a diſconſolate death. Feare of death is commonly the effect of an evil life. Feare vice ſpecially in age, leſt the nearer you come to death, the farther you go from life. The *Convert* ſaid well, *Periiſſem niſi periiſſem*, I had periſhed, but that I did periſh.

It is true, the name of Death to moſt is fearful; Yet *Pompa mortis magis terret quàm ipſa mors*, the traine of death affrights more then death it ſelf. Groans, convulſions, diſcoloured faces, theſe ſhew death terrible; becauſe God loves at firſt to make way for himſelf by terrour, but at laſt conveyes himſelfe to us in ſweetneſſe. And what trouble can the feare breed, when that which is feared is a favour?

That *Philoſopher* is not to be followed, who to prepare himſelfe the better for Death, did ſet forth death moſt fearfully: nor yet is that Emperour to be praiſed, who ſo little eſteemed death, as he died in a complement.

The

The feare of Death; is worſe then the paines of death; *Timor mortis, ipſa morte pejor*, the feare of death is worſe then it ſelf, becauſe feare of death kills us often, where death it ſelfe can do it but once. And when that is done, ſaith *Job*, the *Wombe will forget thee; and the wormes feed ſweetly on thee.*

There is nothing more miſerable or fooliſh then always to fear.

The *Philoſopher* thought, that if Death (as bad as men count it) were not mingled with bitterneſſe, men would run to it with deſire and indiſcretion.

Ergo mortem concupiſcentes, & timentes æquè objurgat Epicurus, therefore *Epicurus* doth equally reprove thoſe that deſire death, and thoſe that feare it.

It is true, Life would not be troubled with too much care, nor Death with too much feare, becauſe feares betray, cares diſorder thoſe ſuccours which reaſon would afford to both; But he is more ſorrowful then is neceſſary, that is ſorrowful be-

before there be neceſſity. Nor will I ever think my ſoule in good caſe, ſo long as I feare to think of dying. When the Prince of life was under the Arreſt of Death, then Deaths ſeeming victory was terrible: But now, *O Death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory?*

Feares multiply evils. Faith diminiſhes them; yet moſt men wiſh, *ut mors potiùs ſemel, quàm ſemper impendeat*, that death would rather fall on them at once, then hang alwayes threatning over them; becauſe nothing is ſo painful as to dwell long under the expectation of ſome great evil. Of themſelves, paines of Death are only throwes of travel that bring forth joyes in ſuffering paines.

Abſolvitur anima, reſolvitur corpus; gaudet quòd abſolvitur, quod reſolvitur non ſentit, the ſoule is diſcharged by it, the body diſſolved; the one rejoyceth for her liberty, the other feels not that ſhe is aſunder.

The Heathen man could ſay, *Non*

ego

ego pœnas esse quibusdam post mortem, sed quid ad mortem, quid post mortem! I believe not for my part, that there is any punishment to any after death: but say there were, yet what is it to death what shall be after death? If there be any feares in Death! *Quare juvenes non timent fieri senes?* why do young men feare to become old men? But it is the nature of feare, to make dangers greater, helps lesse then they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him that his dear and only son was dead: *Scio*, said he, *me genuisse mortalem*, I know I begot him mortal. The sons condition satisfied the fathers passion.

There is no such gentle removal of griefe, or lifes discontents, as the right sense of Death; nor can that man either live at ease, or yet contentedly, that lives continually in feare of death. *Ne in morte metuamus, si nihil timendum vita nostra commisit.* Never fear what you shall suffer when you are dead, if you have not deserved it while you lived.

In

In learning to live, ſtudy how to die. We take great care to beſtow our time well while we live; but he loſes all his time, that knowes not how to end his time.

Neſcire mori miſerrimum, nothing more miſerable then not to know how to die.

Socrates de morte diſputabat uſque adipſam, *Socrates* diſputed concerning death until he died. When *Otho* and *Cato* had prepared all things for their death, they ſetled themſelves to ſleep; when they awaked and found themſelves upon the ſtroke of execution all they ſaid was, *Vita ſupplicio data eſt, mors remedio*: Life is given for a puniſhment, death for a remedy. Tyrants have been told to their faces, that their mortal wounds made the ſufferers immortal.

Vivere non poteſt, qui mori non audet, he cannot live that dares not die.

There is no man ſo valiant as the believer.

It was a Proverb amongſt the Hea-

Heathen; *Soli Christiani mortis contemptores*, only Christians were true despisers of death.

Zeno's word was, *Difficile est hominem exuere*, 'tis an hard thing to put off man; but off he must.

It is true, feare of Death (as a tribute due to Nature) is a weakneſſe; yet feares be not alwayes ill ſymptomes before death, nor in death. At that inſtant Nature will reluct to keep ſtill her being, unto which death is repugnant, life pleaſing.

But neither life nor being are alike to all men: To an ill man the beſt had been, not to have beene, *Non naſci optimum*, beſt not to have been borne; his next beſt, were to live long: It was ill with him that he was borne, worſe that he muſt die. Therefore not being ſure of a better life, he would faine make much of this. He is conſcious to himſelfe, that this dying life will bring him to a living death, yet thinks, *Dum ſpiro, ſpero*, whileſt I breath, I hope; and ſo flutters, *inter*

ter mortis metum, & vitæ tormentum; nolit vivere, & neſcit mori; betwixt feare of death, and torture of life, unwilling to live, and ignorant to die. A good man is otherwiſe minded, he counts his end the beſt of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *Quid hujus vivere eſt*, what is this mans life, but *diis mori*, to die to the gods? His word is, *Cùm expiro, ſpero*; when I breath out my ſoule, I draw in hope; my body only lived *ſpirando*, by breathing, my ſoule lives *ſperando*, by hoping; when his breath fails him, his hope faints not, *Patienter vivit, delectabiliter moritur*, he lived patiently, he died delightfully. To this man, *mori quamprimùm*, to die as ſoon as he can, is his rather: therefore he ſaith to his ſoule, *Why art thou caſt down, O my ſoule, why art thou ſo diſquieted within me? Wait on God.*

The

The difference of ſoules as well in dying as living.

SOule and ſoule are differenced in dying, as well as in being. The Atheiſt dares not die, for feare of *non eſſe*, not being; The ill liver dares not die for fear of *malè eſſe*, evil being; The doubtful conſcience dares not die *neſciendo*, by not knowing, whether he ſhall be, not be, or be damned; Only the good man dares and deſires to die. He is aſſured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality. *What can I fear, when I know in whom I beleeve*, ſaid the holy Martyr? *I am thy Salvation*, ſaith that Saviour of man.

Could death end miſery, the greateſt happineſſe a wicked man would wiſh, were the act of Death: But his conſcience will not let him lie, he knowes the end of his preſent miſeries, is the beginning of worſe; yea, ſuch as Death it ſelf cannot terminate: for that would be

be happineſſe enough, had he hope there would be an end at the laſt.

Tophet is prepared for the bad, and *Paradiſe* for the good; *As the tree falleth, ſo it lieth.* As Death leaves him, ſo Judgement ſhall finde him.

There was neither death nor life but had ſome good in it, could he have ſeen it. In life there was ſome eaſe, in death an end; But *in Inferno*, in hell there is neither eaſe nor end.

Prima mors animam dolentem pellit de corpore; the firſt death drives the ſad ſoule out of the body.

Secunda mors animam nolentem tenet in corpore; the ſecond death holds the unwilling ſoule in the body.

There is no *Annus Platonicus*, Platonick yeare, nor yeare of Jubile in this place.

Could we therefore fore-think what bitter paines our ſweet ſinnes will coſt, we would be provident, we durſt not but be innocent.

But fooliſh men give away their ſoules

ſoules for nothing: yet thoſe that would not feare for love, ſhall tremble for feare, and finde, though too late, how much prevention is better then confuſion. In the ſenſe of paine, and horrour of conſcience, they will one day cry, *O vos omnes qui tranſitis*, O all you that paſſe by, all ye that paſſe by, *attendite, & videte ſi eſt dolor ſicut dolor meus*, ſee and behold, if ever any ſorrow like my ſorrow. Then pangs of death, anguiſh of conſcience, frights of hell meeting altogether, will render a man perfectly miſerable.

It is ſtrange that we will not be wiſe by other mens harmes: for though we love our ſelves better then others, yet we ſee others better then our ſelves. Reaſon therefore bids us, if we would ſee our owne caſe, then to view it in another mans perſon, and ſo prevent that which he feels.

Seldom doth he die well, that lives ill; therfore in the courſe of your life practiſe well-doing, and at parting you ſhall have the comfort of well-dying.

Body

Body and Soule parting.

Sed quàm amarum erit hoc tempore corporis & animæ ſeparatio? But oh how bitter at that time will be the parting of ſoule and body? We ſee old acquaintance cannot part without teares. *Quid facient intimè familiares, quales ſunt corpus & anima, quæ ab ipſo utero ita jucundiſſimè vixerint?* what ſhall ſuch intimate familiar friends do, as the ſoul and body are, which have lived together from the wombe with ſo much delight? If the Oxe loweth when his fellow is taken from him that drew the plough with him, *qualem mugitum*, what lowing ſhall we give when ſoule and body part? *Siccine ſeparas, amara Mors? Siccine ſeparas?* Doeſt thou part us ſo? O bitter death, doeſt thou part us ſo?

When I go *in fundum*, into the bottome, there ſhall I ſee *noſtrum nihil*, our nothingneſſe, ſaith the Book

Book of Kings. The Spirit at this time may be willing, but the fleſh will be loath. *Ægrè amittitur, quod valde amatur*, that is loſt with trouble, that is too ſtrongly beloved.

Faith will aſſure God is thy Father: but Nature will tell thee, She is thy mother, and thou mayeſt not yet leave her. In this conflict take heed the mothers ſide prevail not: ſhe will play *Naomies* part, perſwade thee earneſtly to ſtay and enjoy the delights of *Moab* yet a while longer; but reſolve thou with *Ruth* to ſee what entertainment is for thee in *Bethlehem*, for there thou ſhalt finde a *Boaz*.

In iſta hora, in that houre every man will make *Balaams* ſuit, (for no man would be miſerable, if it were enough to deſire to be happy.) *Beatus vult homo eſſe, etiam non ſic vivendo ut poſſet eſſe*, man wiſheth to be bleſſed, though he have no mind to live ſo as that he may be bleſſed. Some there are that would not wiſh to live, but wiſh they had not lived.

But

But such wishes will not serve, death will not be satisfied with wishes, nor with words. Heaven is full of good works, hell full of good wishes. He must *pie vivere*, live godly, that will *secure mori*, die safely. We all desire to shut up our last scene of life, with, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*, Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. But it is not the last words a man utters, that do qualifie his soul Remember how in thy life thou hast entertained Gods Spirit: for as we used his in this life, so he will use ours after death. *Qualem quisque se fecerit in hac vita, talem se inveniet exiens ab hac vita*, such as any man hath made himself in this life, such shall he finde himself when he goes out of this life.

At this houre what would a man give to secure his soule? *Quid dabis pro anima tua, qui pro nihilo das illam?* what wilt thou give then for thy soule to save it, that doest so prodigally throw it away now for nothing? Poor man! never was any so

ſo rich as could pay the ranſome of his own ſoule; a diſpleaſed mercy askes greater ſatisfaction.

And this know, that when thou dyeſt, thou goeſt to give account of thy Stewardſhip, that is, *Temporis miſſi, Mali commiſſi. Boni omiſſi:* of thy time loſt, of the evil thou haſt done, and the good thou haſt not done: and thy ſoule already knowes, *in conſcientia tua,* in thy conſcience, whither it goes, *quando egreditur è corpore tuo,* when it paſſeth out of thy body; for thy conſcience is a Juſtice *Itinerant* within thee, and though thou canſt carry nothing elſe with thee, yet this thou canſt not leave behinde thee, that will tell thee whither thou goeſt, and what thou ſhalt look for; *Tunc quaſi loquentia tua opera dicent; Tu nos egiſti, tua opera ſumus, non te deſeremus: ſed tecum ibimus ad Judicium:* then ſhall thy doings, even ſpeaking aloud, ſay unto thee, Thou haſt done us, we are thy works, we will not leave thee, but will go with thee to judgement. In that day

day ſhall come into mens mindes (*vi divina*, by the divine power) in the twinkliug of an eye all their paſt good or evil works.

Memory the Magazine of the Soule will then recount all that thou haſt done, ſaid, or thought all thy life long: for there needs no other art of memory for ſinne, but miſery.

Man is a great flatterer of himſelf, but conſcience is alwayes juſt, and will never chide thee wrongfully; It alwayes takes part with God againſt a mans ſelf; It is *magiſtratus domeſticus*, a domeſtick Magiſtrate, that will tell what you do at home: it is well termed, the pulſe of the ſoule; therefore if you would know the true ſtate of your body or ſoule, feele how this beat, that will tell you: yet take heed you make not an idol of your conſcience; neither think, as ſome do, that it is a crime to make a conſcience of our actions. The Book of Wiſdom ſaith, that *wickedneſſe being preſſed with conſcience, fore-caſt-*

eth grievous things; feare is full of projects.

Nemo ſeveriorem ſeipſo habet judicem, no man can have a more ſevere Judge then himſelf: therefore *non timere judicium*, not to fear judgment is a deſperate thing; yet we pray daily, *Domine, adveniat Regnum tuum.* Lord, let thy Kingdom come.

It ſhewes a Chriſtian courage. *Regnum Dei poſtulare*, to ſeek the Kingdome of God: but a man had need of a good cauſe, that wiſhes the coming of his Judge.

At point of death, if a man will take his aime by the beſt man that ever lived or died; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, and of Chriſt himſelfe (as he was man) is able to amaze any man, when as our Saviour Chriſt not many houres before he ſuffered, ſaid, *Anima mea turbata eſt, & quid dicam*? my ſoule is troubled, and what ſhall I ſay? and at the very point of death, ſaid. *Father, if it be thy Will, let this Cup paſſe from me.* When *David* ſaid, *Save, Lord,*

for

for thy mercies ſake: for in death there is no remembrance of thee. And Ezechias *wept ſore,* when he was bid, *Put thy houſe in order, for thou muſt die. Si Patres, ſi Prophetæ, ſi Apoſtoli, ſi Martyres, ſi Chriſtus ipſe,* If the Patriarchs, if the Prophets if the Apoſtles, if the Martyrs, if Chriſt himſelf was thus troubled at the houre of death, *Wretched man that I am, what ſhall I do?* We were all to ſeek, but that Chriſt bids us, *Be of good cheer. for I have overcome death; Mors morte redempta eſt,* death is redeemed by death. Now there is advantage in death; that which was the wages of ſinne, is made the reward of righteouſneſſe.

Now that death hath overcome death, and that faith hath ſecured fear: *Nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori,* I am neither weary of life, nor afraid to die; for what can he fear in death, whoſe death is his hope? *Timor timore pellitur, ut clavus clavo truditur,* feare is baniſh't by feare, as one naile is dri-

ven out by another: *Right precious in the ſight of God is the death of Saints.*

See then what makes men willing or loath to die.

Obſecro te, Lucille, ſaid *Seneca, Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo?* I pray thee, O *Lucillus,* why ſhould a ſtrong man feare labour, or a mortal man death: It is the preſent condition of men that makes them willing or loath to die.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the world, as others can forbear the Court. And count him but unwiſe, *Qui os ſuum aperit aëri, ut ſatiaret vento,* that opens his mouth for aire, that he may fill his belly with winde. Some ſay unto themſelves, *Since the Fathers fell aſleep, all things continue as they were. Liberè ignerant, ut liberius peccent,* they are willingly ignorant, that they may more freely ſin. Theſe will erect to themſelves an heaven out of heaven, and be bleſſed before they be dead. Some pleaſant their

their lives, as if the world ſhould alwayes laugh upon them, *Quam vis pejor eſt mundus cùm blanditur, quam cùm indignatur*, though the world is far worſe when ſhe flatters, then when ſhe ſcolds.

Some ſay, *Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we ſhall die. Et poſt mortem nulla voluptas*, and after death there is no more pleaſure. Theſe would do any thing rather then die. Others thinking to pleaſe God by making themſelves miſerable, live as if they came into the world but to act a ſad mans part and die.

De tanta lætitia, quanta triſtitia! Oh how great ſorrow breeds from ſuch joy!

Theſe wiſh a change, hoping it will be a benefit. All weak mindes ſeeke eaſe in change. Therefore well ſaid the ſon of *Syrach*, *O death how acceptable is thy remembrance to him whoſe ſtrength failes? That is now in his laſt Age, and vexed with all things: and to him that deſpaireth and hath loſt patience?* Contrariwiſe

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lieth at reſt in his poſſeſſions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that proſpereth in all things! (*Sed O ſeculum nequam, quòd ſolos tuos ſic ſolet bearе amicos, ut Dei facias inimicos!*) But O wicked world, which doeſt only bleſſe thy friends, as to make them Gods enemies!

Certainly to this man that thus lives at eaſe in delicacie with affluence of all things, (for to uſe happineſſe is as difficult as to forbear it) to him it is a ſad and bitter meditation to think that death muſt take him from all theſe joyes, wherin his heart took pleaſure, though indeed pleaſures are but paines in their loſſe. *O pro quantillo Regnum perdidi!* Alas, for how ſmall a thing have I loſt my Kingdome! ſaid *Lyſimachus*, when he gave his Kingdom for a cup of cold water.

Thus as men differ in their condition; ſo do they in the acceptation of death.

Sed, O quàm amara mors mundum amat.

amantibus! But O how bitter is death to them that love the world!

Every poore contentment glues us to that we like. And what are thoſe contentments? Vaine hopes, impure pleaſures, falſe honours, dangerous greatneſſe, unſatisfying wealth, ſtormie contentments, all contemptible. For all that ſome good men covet, *Et Deum & mundum ſimul complecti*, to graſpe and incloſe both God and the world together; but that will not be, *Nam Deus non amat cor diviſum*, for God loves not a divided heart. A man cannot look up to heaven with one eye, and down to the earth with the other, *Amor Dei non eſt dividendus terrenis*, our love of God is not to be divided with the things of the world. Chriſt would not have his coat divided.

If thy heart be ſet on heaven, thy ſoule will have no pleaſure in theſe low things, look upward. A good Chriſtian is high-minded:

Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlúmque tueri.

He with a lofty look did man endue.
And gave him power the ſtarry skies to view.

The minde contemplating, heaven walkes beyond eye-ſight and at ſo farre a diſtance diſcerns God, as if he were at hand. There be certain Subſapients ſo worldly wiſe, as they think all other men inſipients. To converſe with God is true ſolace. We are never well, but when we are converſing with others, but our converſation is ſeldome in heaven where it ſhould be. *Moſes* was with God in the mountaine, and came down gliſtering, his face ſhining. *Peter* when he was taken up to the Mount cried, *Faciamus hîc tria Tabernacula*, let us build three Tabernacles here: Whoever they be that dwell in Contemplation of heavenly things, ſee viſions, and come off rich in thoughts. In this ſtate, ſaid *David*, I have had more joy of heart, then they whoſe wine

wine and oile increaſed.

Therefore if thy heart be right, thou needeſt not feare: But a heart and a heart God cannot abide. *Cor extenſum*, a large heart God loves. It is noted in nature, that the fearfulleſt creatures have the largeſt hearts. Let the feare of God enlarge thy heart, and then you need not feare your day of death. *Nam dies iſte, quem tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi æternæ ſalutis erit*, for that day which ſome men are afraid of as their laſt, ſhall be to thee a day of eternal happineſſe: Nor yet the face of death, for it will look upon thee, *Facie non horrendâ, ſed blandâ; non terribili, ſed amabili*: not with an horrid face, but a fawning; not with a terrible but an amiable preſence. Here is the difference, the good mans hope is even in death: The world-lover ends his hope and happineſſe when he dies; As *Ahab* ſaid to *Elias*, ſo ſaith he to death, *Haſt thou found me, O mine enemy?* whereas the other ſaith,

as *David* ſaid to *Ahimaaz*; *Let him come and welcome, for he is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.*

Plato diſcourſing unto one, *de contemptu mortis*, concerning the contempt of death, and ſpeaking ſtrangely upon it, was anſwered, *Fortiùs loqueris, quàm vivis: At ille dicebat, non quemadmodum viveret, ſed quemadmodum vivendum eſſet*: thou ſpeakeſt more bravely then thou liveſt; but he ſaid, not as he did, but as he ought to live. For a weak mans rules may be better then the beſt mans actions. But however the Contemplation of death pleaſeth, the ſuffering of death will pinch. A man ſatisfied, that death is nothing but a bridge to conveigh over a tempeſtuous water to a calme ſhore; yet did not the word, *Ibis ad Patres*, thou ſhalt go to thy Fathers, ſweeten the Contemplation, as did that wood caſt by *Moſes* into the waters of Marah, turning bitterneſſe into ſweetneſſe; the thought of death, (though it be but a gathering

ing to our fathers) would be an unpleaſing ſtudy.

But feares being paſt, which are but ſhadowes, ſet off joyes the better, therefore now to ſee the joyes that death brings.

The joyes brought by death.

PEr *anguſta pervenitur ad anguſta*, by difficult and narrow meanes we attain to noble ends. The ſoule of joy lies in the ſoules joy. It was *Sampſons* Riddle, *Out of the bitter came ſweet.* The good mans quality is to look thorow death at glory. When we think upon the ſeparation of body and ſoule, then it is a ſweet Contemplation to conſider the conjunction of our bodies and ſoules with Chriſt; which being made by the bond of the Spirit in this life, ſhall never afterwards be cancelled. For let death, wilde beaſts or birds devoure and teare the body from the ſoule, yet neither body nor ſoule are thereby ſevered from Chriſt.

Non

Non curo, ſaith *Ignatius*, *ſi ferarum dentes me moluerint, modò pura fiam farina Chriſto*, I care not, if the teeth of wilde beaſts grinde me, ſo I may become pure meat for Chriſt.

And yet the body thus conſumed, lives not in the grave, nor belly of the beaſt, nor yet receives life or ſenſe from the ſoule, nor hath aptitude in it ſelfe to reanimation. whileſt it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, ſaith *Job*, *by the ſent of water will bud againe, but man is ſick and dieth, and where is he?* ſurely not loſt, but laid a while at reſt.

But when the great Aſſizes, that general *Venite*, Come ye, comes: Then look what the condition of Chriſt was in his death, the like ſhall be of his members. The Body and Soule of Chriſt were ſevered as farre as heaven and the grave were diſtant; yet neither of them were parted from the Godhead: ſo likewiſe our bodies and ſoules, though rent and pulled in ſunder millions of miles diſtant: neither of them are ſevered or diſ-

joyned

joyned from Christ our head.

Qui prædixit, revixit, he that foretold, revived, and this hath wrought it. Humane wisdom cannot comprehend this: Weak faith looks for meanes, and is put to shifts, when she sees them fail: and yet Reason ministers help to faith, though it be no ground of faith: *Nam fides non tollit, sed potius extollit rationem*; for faith does not take away, but rather set up reason. Reason, the chiefest peece of man would, but cannot reach so high. Grace that hath taken up her seat in the soule, makes Reason see what Nature cannot; And yet man, do what he can, is still apt to seek a reason why he should believe. But Omnipotencie, which works by improbabilities, tells us, there is no strong faith where there is apparant meanes. Difficulties and improbabilities are the proper objects of faith, *Crede, quod non vides, & videbis, quod non credis*: Believe what thou seest not, and thou shalt see what thou believest not.

Philo-

Philoſophers ſay, that credulity upon weak grounds, is the daughter of folly. But as opinion is owing unto reaſon, ſo is Faith to Religion. With them, to believe nothing for which they ſaw not reaſon, was counted wiſdom.

But faith is not faith if reaſon comprehend it; Faith and Reaſon have their limits; where Reaſon ends, Faith begins: Of old it was the greateſt argument for proofe of Chriſtianity, the proceeding of it contrary to Reaſon.

In Nature we ſee that in Winter-ſeaſon, trees which ſeeme as dead, revive again in the Spring: becauſe the Body, Graines and Armes of the Tree are joyned to the root, where the Sap lies all the Winter: and by meanes of conjunction it conveyes vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even ſo mens bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into duſt, *Homo arbor inverſa, cujus radix in cœlis, rami in terra*: man is a tree inverted, whoſe root is in heaven, and the boughes on earth.

earth. Mans life lies hid in Chriſt with God; Yet in the day of the Reſurrection, by reaſon of this myſtical Conjunction, divine and quickening vertue ſhall ſtream from Chriſt to his Elect, and cauſe them to reſurge from grave to life eternal. For the head will not be without the members: where he is, there they ſhall be alſo. Therefore incredulous Nature, ſhrink not at the poſſibility of Reſurrection, when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted how in that transfiguration, the body of *Moſes* which was hid in the valley of *Moab*, appeared in the valley of *Tabor*, which aſſures that this body of ours, lodge it where you will, is not loſt, but laid up to be raiſed to glory, as it was laid down in duſt.

The incineration and diſſipation of this duſt ſhall have a recollection in the day of reſurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit ſay to *Ezechiel*, Propheſie upon theſe bones and ſay, *O ye dry bones, I will cauſe breath to enter*

enter into you, I will lay ſinewes upon you, and will bring up fleſh, and you ſhall live? Awake then, and ſing, you that dwell in duſt, ſaith *Eſay*; for thy dew is as the dew of herbes, and the earth ſhall caſt out her dead. *I know,* ſaith *Job, that my Redeemer liveth, and I ſhall ſee God face to face.* Our bodies you ſee, are not caſt off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint *Bernard* upon the loſſe of his friend, expoſtulates thus with death; *Occidiſti, poſſediſti, Sed quid? corpus, non animam: & veniet aliquando Chriſtus cum poteſtate, & majeſtate, carnem illam quærere, & illud corpus cadaveroſum configurare corpori claritatis ſuæ?* ſo thou haſt ſlain him, thou haſt taken poſſeſſion; but of what? not his ſoule, but his body, and Chriſt will come one day in Power and Majeſty, to ſeek after that fleſh, and to conforme that rotten body to his glorious body.

It is well for man, that his body by death becomes putrid, reſolved and crumbled to nothing, elſe how would

would ſome mens corps be honoured, if not adored, after death?

Sleep ſaith now unto her Siſter Death, *Awake thou that ſleepeſt; for now is your ſalvation nearer then when you believed.*

Why then ſhould a man immoderately ſorrow, ſince ſorrow is good for nothing but for ſinne; or grieve for the death of a friend: ſince, as *Seneca* ſaith, It is but envie, not ſorrow? Now that the childe is dead, wherefore ſhould I faſt or weep, ſaid *David*? Griefe preceding evil, if it be uſed for a remedy, cannot be too much; But that which follows an evil paſt remedy, cannot be too little. The arreſt of death ſhall not alwayes keepe him that lies down in peace.

The bodies of Saints, ſaith *Auguſtine*, ſhall be raiſed, *Tantâ facilitate, quantâ felicitate*, with as much eaſe, as happineſſe; *Nam mors tantùm intermittit vitam, non eripit*, for death only pauſeth life, not takes it away: it doth not diſannull,

null, but discontinue life. And by our rising we are remitted to our better right: A life which never dies, a morning that hath no Eve nor ending.

Now me thinks I heare death say of life, as *John Baptist* said of Christ, *He that cometh after me is before me.*

O sweet word! Life, the best Monosyllable in the world, Gods own attribute; *Deus vivit*, God liveth. *And my soule*, (saith Job) *shall live, for my Redeemer liveth.*

And is this life but the childe of death? Then blessed also be the word *Death*; the mother of life, *I will no more call thee Marah, but Naomi*; for thou art not bitter, but sweet, more pleasant, though swifter in thy gate, then the Roe or Hinde. The Stoick could say, *Mors est quæ efficit, ut nasci non sit supplicium*, 'tis death which causeth that to be borne is no punishment. But what saith Saint *John*? *I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write; Blessed are the dead, which die*

die in the Lord, they die no more; Death hath no more power over them. All teares are wiped from their eyes. *Petronella* the daughter of Saint *Peter*, *febrè moritur: rogatus Petrus, cur non illi ſicut aliis ſuccurreret? hoc illi præſtare reſpondit*: dies of a Fever, Saint *Peter* being asked, why he did not heale her as well as others? answered, No, this is much better for her: it was better for her to die.

Compare life with death, and you will clearly see, how death, which seemes to dispossesse us of all, puts us in possession of more then that all.

Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium, ſedes ubi fata quietas Oſtendent.

Through many turnes, and divers sorts of chance,
To safe and quiet dwellings we advance.

It is but being which we have by birth; A better being is by death. *Eſſe naturæ eſt, bene eſſe gratiæ, optimum*

mum eſſe gloriæ: our being is from nature, our well-being from grace, our beſt being from glory. Mans happy being is Eternity. Gods proper Name is *Being*. Being is our Chriſten name.

Faine would man be happy while he lives: But the world will ſcarce afford him a vacation unto ſorrowes. No man can ſpeak him happy, that hath a day to live. *Neſcit enim quid ſerus veſper vehat*, for what late evening brings he cannot tell. There is divine Philoſophy in that ſaying, *Others bring forth the beſt wine firſt, but thou bringeſt that which is beſt laſt*. The end of man is better then man, whoſe birth is ſin, his life folly, his death rottenneſſe.

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, becauſe *our father was an Amorite, our mother an Hittite*. And it is but a windy happineſſe that is ſought in titles taken upon others credit: yet it was happineſſe to me, that God wrap't me up in his Covenant, reſerved me for a time

time of truth, derived me of religious Parents, and made me a subject to vertuous and gracious Kings. Yet this birth brought me into a world of miseries, allowing no ceasing from sorrowes, *Ne natalem quidem excepit*, not my very birth-day was excepted. For crying was the first note of my being, *Calamitatis futuræ Propheta*, a Prophet of my own future calamity.

Here I dwell cottaged in a house of clay, whose foundation is dust: but Death brings me to an habitation made without hands, everlasting in the Heavens. *Ad excelsa sublatus inter felices currit animus, excipitque illum cœtus sacer*; My soul lifted up to things on high, wandereth among the blessed Spirits, & that holy company receivs her; where, for Love, I shall be a Son; for Birthright an Heire; for Dignity, a King. Here I have conversed, and had commerce with men; there I shall have communion with Saints, fellowship with Angels; enjoy *visionem illam beatificam*, that blessed visi-

viſion, the immediate fruition of God and Chriſt.

O happy and ſafe condition of Gods children, whom paine thus eaſeth, Death revives, diſſolution unites, ſin glorifies: for we know, ſaith Saint *Paul*, we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burthened, not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon; that mortality might be ſwallowed up of life.

Old father *Jacob*, when he was told of his ſon *Joſephs* power in *Egypt*, was not ſatisfied to heare of his honours, but enquires of his life; intimating, that life to come, is better then all the honours that are in *Egypt*, or fortunes that are on earth. Nor yet did *Joſephs* life content him without his being with him: (For a good heart will be content to ſhare with others in their miſeries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happy alone) and therefore ſaid, I will go ſee him: counting it better to behold with the eye, then to walk in deſires; for indeed the beſt things that are,

plea-

pleaſure us not in their being, but in our enjoying them.

The joy of Soule and Body at their meeting.

HAppineſſe communicated, doubles it ſelfe: theſe two Couſins, Soul and Body, as *Mary* and *Elizabeth* will haſten to meet in the Hill-countrey. And what then ſhall be the joy, when ſoul and body ſeparate for a ſeaſon, (although in the *interim* the ſoule doth not wander and obambulate) ſhall meet again in joy, and mutually enjoy one the other? The ſoul ſaying to the body, Riſe up, my love, my faire one, and come away; for lo, the Winter is paſt, the time of ſinging of birds is come.

The ſenſe of this delight and contentment did well appeare in that meeting betwixt *Jacob* and *Joſeph*, when mutual loſſe and ſeparation for a while did more endear each to other.

Intermiſſion of comfort hath this advantage, that it ſweetens our delight

light more in the return, then was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Jacob* glad to leave his Countrey, and the Land of Promiſe, to ſee his younger ſonne *Joſeph*, though in *Egypt*? What then ſhall be the ſoules joy, to end a pilgrimage in a ſtrange Land, and go to ſee her elder brother Chriſt in heaven? In this reſpect, *Cupio diſſolvi*, I deſire to depart, was Saint *Pauls* wiſh. For this tedious mortality, pleaſe it how man can, will grow intolerable, if death do not disburden it. Long living ſo loades us with ſin, as ſin it ſelf tires at laſt him that loved it beſt.

It is an Inmate that will rooſt with ns as long as life affords it houſe-roome, nor will it lodge alone, but ſtill one ſin will bring in another.

But through death, the very body of death, and burthen of ſin are caſt out both together.

Sith then the life I now lead is beſet with death, tends to death, ends in death, I will no longer miſtake

ſtake, termes, calling that death which is life, that life which is death: *Hanc eſſe mortem, quam nos vitam putamus Illam vitam, quam nos pro morte timemus*, ſaying, that is death which we eſteem life, and that life which we feare as death, but will hold with Saint *Auguſtine*,

Per vitam ad mortem tranſitus eſt: per mortem ad vitam reditus eſt, by life is a paſſage over to death, and by death a return to life.

Death the Regeneration of the Soule.

I Think the Pagans had ſome ſenſe of this, who did celebrate the day of their death with mirth, and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceit of thoſe Philoſophers was divine, who held, that although the ſoule of man was then infuſed, when man was made, yet is it new-born when man dies. His body being the wombe,

death the midwife, which delivers that to ſorrow, this to glory.

Return thou to thy reſt, O my ſoul, for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

I can no otherwiſe joy in my birth, then did the Prophet *Jeremy*, who ſaid, *Let not the day wherein my mother bare me, be bleſſed.*

If we obſerve mans ingreſſe into the world, his progreſſe in it, his egreſſe out of it, we muſt needs wonder, and ſay with *David*, *Lord, what is man?* And yet he was a King that ſaid it.

Quis pavet? Quis flet? Quis eget? Quis errat? ſolus (heu ſortes!) homo. Sperat, optat, alget, voluit, explorat, queritur. Malorum omnia plena.

Tell who are they that feare, and want, and groan,
And alwayes erre? Ah ſad fate!
Men alone:
Poor man hopes, wiſheth, ſtarves, turnes to and fro,
Seeks and yet wants; ſo full is all of wo!
But to aſſure there are joyes in death,

death, what ſaith the Scripture to well-dying men?

Rejoice, and lift up your heads, for now your Redemption draweth near. This body ſhall riſe a glorious body, be a ſpirituul body, not in ſubſtance, but in quality; like that body of the Sonne of God.

Unto you that fear God, ſaith the Prophet *Malachy*, *The Sun of Righteouſneſſe ſhall ariſe with healing in his wings.*

The Third General Diviſion.

III.

When death is to be prepared, for, and how.

The time when.

PLato, that *Deus Philoſophiæ*, god of Philoſophy, ſaith, There is *nulla ſalutaris Philoſophia*, no ſafe Philoſophy, but *perpetua mortis meditatio*, a perpetual meditation of death. And *ſine iſta meditatione tranquillo eſſe animo nemo poteſt*, without that meditation no man can enjoy a quiet minde. Dreadful death laughs at the vaine conceits and precepts of humane tranqnillity. It is, ſaith *Scipio*, the moſt honourable Philoſophy, to ſtudy a mans mortality:

Mor-

Mortis meditatio eſt vita ſapientis, the life of a wiſe man is a meditation upon death; Politicks ſay, *Totâ vitâ diſcendum eſt vivere*, all our life we ſhould be learning to live. But ſaith *Seneca*, *Hoc magis miraberis*, *Totâ vitâ diſcendum eſt mori*, what thou wilt rather admire; all our life long we are to learn to die. The Divine ſaith beſt, *Cogita de fine infinito, & vives in infinitum*, think upon thy endleſſe end; and thou ſhalt live without end.

Fooles would fain do at laſt, that which wiſe men do at firſt, prepare for their end. Careleſſe men think the Signiory of time is at their command, to do what they liſt, when they liſt. Indeed youth and age are meaſured by government, not by time: Time it ſelfe is *menſura temporis*, the meaſure of time: but we muſt conſider, we have little power over the preſent, leſſe over the future. *Davids* example is worth the following, who cried, *Betimes, Lord, let me know mine end, and the meaſure of my*

dayes, what it is, and how long I have to live. All the dayes of mine appointed time, saith *Job, I will watch till my changing shall come.*

Time it selfe, which covers all that's past, and discovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes: Natures time is past, The Law which succeeded is abolished. Now is the Gospels time, after which there shall be no more changes.

Change (the great Master of the world) that hath this time for his Agent, abuseth many with the hope of Time. It is true, There is nothing our own but time, which is a servant equall to all, holds pace, and flies as fast in idlenesse as in businesse:

So that though time well spent diminishes our time, yet when it is employed in timely preparation, it layes up time as treasure for a future time: and this is rather a husbanding then consuming of time. *Diem perdidimus,* we have lost a day, said *Vespasian.* He lives in safety, that

that watches his time: but in reckoning of time moſt men miſ-caſt it, counting for firſt, that which is laſt, and that laſt which is firſt, beginning the account from the day of birth, whereas our deaths-day is our firſt-day; for the laſt of life, is the firſt-day to life, we then ceaſing to die, when we leave to live.

Solebat dicere Fabianus; In tria tempora vita dividitur: Quod eſt, Quod fuit, Quod futurum eſt; Ex his, quod agimus breve eſt: Quod acturi ſumus, dubium: Quod egimus, certum, Fabianus was uſed to ſay, that life is divided into three times: that is, that was, that ſhall be; of theſe, that which we have now is ſhort: that which we ſhall have is doubtful; That which we have paſt, is certain, we are ſure of it.

Reckon firſt with time paſt, and you may make time to come certaine, *Nondum venit hora*, the houre is not yet come, deceives many a man; but when the Sunne comes to the Meridian, the yeare to the Solſtice, then look for a

turning of thy days: impoſe an honeſt and happy neceſſity upon thy ſelf, and think of dying timely.

The Scepticks put a *fortaſſe*, a peradventure, upon all things in the world. But ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*. There is no one thing in the world to be named, where this word *fortaſſe*, peradventure, had no place, except you ſpeak of death; *Hîc ſolum fortaſſe locum habere non poteſt*, in this caſe alone, peradventure can have no place.

It may be ſaid of death, as is of the Kingdom of Heaven, it comes not by obſervation. He lives not, that knowes where, when or how he ſhall die. Yet none lives, but knowes he muſt die.

Mors omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibuſdam votum: de nullis melius merita, quàm quibus accidit, antequam vocaretur: Death is an end to all, a remedy to many, a wiſh to ſome, and deſerves better of none, then thoſe to whom it comes before it be called. Therafore, ſaid one, *Demntiæ eſt*, it is plain madneſſe,

neſſe, it is more then folly not to be prepared for death, *Sed ſi mortem venientem præmeditamur, tunc ſuperatur*, but if we premeditate of death as it comes on, we ſhall overcome it. The preparation for death, makes a fruition of life, *Nemo propter canos & rugas diu vixit*, no man can be ſaid to have lived a jot the longer, becauſe he hath gray haires and wrinkles; yet never man preſerved himſelf from dying, by forgetting death. *Gerſon* brings in an Engliſh man asking a French-man, *Quot annos habes?* How many yeares haſt thou lived? How many years are you? His anſwer was, *Annos non habeo*, I cannot ſay that I have ſeen any yeares at all, I am of no years at all; but death hath forborn me theſe fifty years.

Look at Death thorow a perſpective, that ſo it may ſeem at hand. though it be far off; *Ante ſenectutem curandum bene vivere, in ſenectute bene mori*, Before old age we muſt take care to live well, and in old age to die well.

The very Heathens through Natures inſtinct, provided themſelver for death by ſacrifices to their gods.

Frange Toros, Pete vina, Roſas cape, Tangere nardos;
Ipſe jubet mortis te meminiſſe Deus.
Do! crack the beds, wine, roſes, perfumes breath,
Yet God commands thee to remember death.

A faire way of dying well.

SOlomon ſaying, that *the day of death was better then the day of birth,* inferred that there was a fair way of dying well, whereunto two things were moſt requiſite.

Firſt, a timely preparation before death was moſt requiſite.

Nam facilè Juſtinet, qui expectat mortem, for he that expects death, will eaſily bear it.

That Oracle of Mortal men, wiſe *Seneca* was wont to ſay, *Sæpe debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus,* it is our duty to die often.

often, but we will not; and at laſt we die whether we will or no. We ought often to prepare for death, and will not; at laſt we die indeed, and would not. *Caſar Borgias* being ſick to death, ſaid, When I lived, I provided for every thing, but Death; now I muſt die, and am unprovided to die.

Previous preparation becomes a wiſe man; *Sed in hoc errore omnes verſamur, quòd non putamus niſi ſenes ad mortem vergere; citamur nec ſexu, nec ætate. Mors, quo facilius obrepat, ſub ipſo vitæ nomine latet*: But we are all deceived with this errour, that we think none but old men approach to death: neither experience nor age can work upon us; and death that it may more eaſily ſurprize us, ſhrowds it ſelf under the very name of life. He that ſees the Baſilisk before he be ſeen of it, avoids the poiſon; See death before it comes, you ſhall not feel it when it comes.

Procraſtination is the great enemy to preparation. This *vox Corvina*,

vina, this crowes note, that alwayes cries, *Cras, cras*, tomorrow, tomorrow, cozens many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum*, to loſe to day, truſting upon to morrow; ſaith *Tibullus*, *Jam mala finiſſem letho, ſed credula vitam ſpes alit, & melius cras fore, ſemper ait.*

I had long ſince by death diſpatch'd all ill,
But credulous hope promiſ'd life happier ſtill.

But truſt not to that, *Ille ſapit, quiſquis, Poſthume, vixit heri.*

——Do not delay,
He Poſthumus, is wiſe, liv'd yeſterday.

We pray daily, Lord, Give us thisday our daily bread, *Dum dicitur hodie*; whileſt it is called to day, we ſhould remember, Life is but a day; *Dies, non ſæculum*, 'tis but a day, not an age. Wherefore ſaith *Solomon*, *Talk not of tomorrow, neſcit enim quid ſuperventura pariet dies*, for he knows not what to morrow will bring forth.

By deferring we preſume upon that

that we have uot, and neglect that we have.

Quod in manu fortunæ positum est, disponimus; quod in tua est dimittis: we dispose of that which lies in fortunes hand, and neglect that which is in our own; which made the Heathen Poet, *divino furore instinctus,* stirr'd with a divine rage, uttet *hoc salutare carmen,* this wholesom verse.

Optima quæque dies, miseris mortalibus, ævi, Prima fugit,

The best and choicest part of our short time,
Like distill'd liquours runs off in our prime.

Therefore, *noli tardare,* delay not thy prepare for death, till the approaches of death; *Recordare novissimum, & non peribis in æternum,* Remember thy last end, and thou shalt not perish for ever.

In evils to be prevented, delay is a kinde of ease, not so in good things.

Do therefore the work of the day, *in die suo,* in its own day. No man

man can promiſe himſelfe a morrow.

Fleres, ſi ſcires unum tua tempora menſem:
Rides, cùm non ſit forſitan una dies.
'Twould make thee weep, knew'ſt thou but one moneths ſtay:
And yet thou laugh'ſt when't may be not one day.

Every man hath his day. *Jeruſalem, haddeſt thou known this but in this thy day, thou wouldeſt not, &c. Eſt & dies hominis, & dies Domini,* there is both mans day, and Gods day. When mans day is paſt, then Gods day comes, *Nam vita eſt niſi vigilia,* for life is nothing elſe but a watch. The Eve another day.

A man, ſaith *Luther*, lives fourty yeares before he knows himſelfe to be a foole; and by that time he ſees his folly, his life is finiſhed. So men die before they begin to live.

The caſe therefore of thoſe men is moſt unhappy, who after fourty or fifty yeares of dayes, in their miſſpent time (for it was but *tempus*, time, not *vita*, life) and now ready to

to die, are even then to learn how to die, when they are in the act of dying.

Quæ tam ſtulta mortalitatis oblivio, Inde velle vitam inchoare, quò pauci perduxerimus? What a ſilly forgetfulneſſe is it of mortality, to think of beginning life at that time, to which few have attained to live?

To die well is too buſie a work to be done well, *ex tempore, of a ſudden.*

Deferring as well as preſuming, makes many men implicite Atheiſts.

It was a ſweet ſpeech, and might well have become an elder body, which a young innocent childe of my owue uſed in extremity of ſickneſſe, Mother, what ſhall I do? I ſhall die before I know what Death is. I beſeech you tell me what is Death, and how I ſhould die. Death is the known'ſt and unknown'ſt thing in the world. *Certè multùm intereſt, peccare aliquis nolit, an neſcit,* without queſtion there is

is great difference whether a man be unwilling to ſin, or ignorant. But ther e is *nil miſerius morienti, quàm neſcire mori*, nothing more miſerable for a dying man, then not to know how to die; nay, ſaith one, *Tolerabilius eſt non eſſe, quàm neſcire mori*, 'tis more tolerable not to be, then to be ignorant how to die.

Sith then it is a thing as well natural as neceſſary for a man to die, it is no thankes to a man to pay that willingly, which he muſt do of neceſſity. But in paying of this debt, wiſdome counſels two things:

Firſt, to conſider the time when.

Secondly, the meanes, how.

For the time; Seek not Death in the errour of thy life. *Remember thy Creatour in the dayes of thy youth, while the evil dayes come not, nor the years approach, wherein thou ſhalt ſay, I have no pleaſure in you. Before the ſilver cord be looſed, the golden Ewer broken: Before the Almond-tree flouriſh, and the Graſhopper be a burden;*

Be-

Before the Keepers of the house shall tremble, the strong men bow, the grinders cease; they wax dark that look out of the windowes, and the daughters of musick be brought low.

Old *Barzillai* being in this case, refused all the pleasures of a Kings house, though he was kindly intreated by the King himself.

Age or sickness will make a man unapt, either to compose, or dispose himself to death, *Tunc tibi tarda fluunt ingratáque tempora*, our time flowes heavy then and soure. It is no fit time then to prepare to die, when it is a burden to live; So in the Law, God required the first-fruits, not the lees, for his portion. From the wombe of the morning thou hast the dew of thy youth.

Old age it self is a young death: Age doth solicite Death, Youth scornes it. Thy best health affords but time good enough for this businesse. Therefore dedicate not all thy times to businesse; for that as well as sloth may rob thee of thy time.

time. Some talents improve moſt by laying up.

Three ſignes of approaching Death.

DO you deſire ſome ſignes of death, before you prepare your ſelf for death? *Tres ſunt mortis nuntii, caſus, infirmitas, ſenectus. Caſus dubia, infirmitas gravia, ſenectus certa denunciat. Caſus nuntiat mortem latentem, infirmitas apparentem, ſenectus præſentem*: There are three harbingers of death, chance, infirmity, old age; chance threatens it doubtful, infirmity troubleſome, and old age certain; chance foretells an hidden death, infirmity an apparent, old age a preſent; Age and ſickneſſe ſummon men to their diſſolution.

When *Ezechiah* had been ſick unto death, he wrote thus, *In the cutting off my dayes, I ſhall go to the gates of the grave. I reckoned to the morning, I ſhall walk weakly all my years, in the bitterneſſe of my ſoul.*

Thus it fareth with every man, in

in age or ſickneſſe, when a man begins to be ſick, his ſenſes are wholly buſied about the diſeaſe. The Phyſician is then conferring with him of the ſtate of his body: The Lawyer is then conſulted with about thy worldly eſtate: The Miniſter touching thy ſoules health: Thy friends are then unwelcome; Strangers trouble thee; Viſits offend thee; thy own ſervants cannot pleaſe thee: Other mens diſcourſes tire thee; to ſpeak thy ſelfe ſpends thee; and to be ſilent grieves thee; not to be told how thou doeſt, vexes thee; to be told how ill thou art diſcomforts thee; but it moſt of all afflicts thee, to ſee thy wife and children (thoſe peeces of thy ſelfe in another kinde) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus miſerably we poore men at this time are diſtreſſed, and diſtracted, made unfit for any thing At the houre of death perturbations ariſing from the greatneſſe of griefes, and the neerneſſe of death, have great force to diſturb

ſturbe the ſenſes, and will diſable the heart from lifting it ſelfe up to God; for where dolours are, there will be our cogitations: every man in paine is prone to love his body better then his ſoule; therefore it is a madneſſe in a buſineſſe of the ſoul, to tarry and await for the worſt diſpoſition of the body. A lover of vertue, at the point of death, will ſecretly ſtudy how to avoid the paines of death, which at other times he deſpiſed. God knowes, a due preparation for death requires all the faculties and ſtreugth of a ſound, perfect, and whole man.

Think not to ſerve God with thy dotage, when thou haſt ſerved thy pleaſures with thy youth; God for his ſervice will have the young *Iſaac* of thine age. You ſhall not ſee my face, ſaith *Joſeph*, *except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Every man naturally; when he comes neare the goale of death, even for ſome intrinſecal cauſe; though unknown to himſelfe, is then

then weary of himſelf, and entertaines life with a tedious diſlike. *Tunc injucunda eſt rei pœnitendæ recordatio*, then does the remembrance of that, which we muſt repent afterwards, grow unpleaſant, diſtaſting every thing, neglecting every thought of all humane affaires.

Nec juveni luſus qui placuere juvant.
Thoſe ſports which youth did pleaſe.
To old age grow diſeaſe.

In the ſtraits of death then he prayes, God deliver me, then he thinks, O how I am ſtraitened till it be accompliſhed. ¶ *Abyſſus abyſſum invocat*, depth calleth upon depth; ſad words, breathing ſorrowes.

But this ſhould have been done, when ſtrength of underſtanding ſerved; *Nam ſerum eſt tunc vivere incipere, cum deſinendum. O Anima peccatrix! O Tepida & negligens quæ dum in vivis fuiſti*; for it is too late to begin to live then, when we are to give over. O ſinful ſoul! O cold and

and negligent wretch, who whileſt thou waſt among the living never look't to heaven, *quid ages*, what wilt thou do when thou art to depart, *è corpore tantopere amato*, from the body ſo exceſſively beloved? Then to ſee thy ſelfe beſieged, *hinc doloribus, illinc anguſtiis mortis*, on one haud with diſeaſe, on the other with the ſtraits of death; the worme of conſcience gnawing, evil ſpirits tempting to deſpair, thine owne thoughts caſting up thy ſins. *Quid facies anima miſerabilis? Quò te vertes? comparere erit intolerabile, latere impoſſibile*, oh miſerable ſoul, what wilt thou do? which way wilt thou be able to turn thy ſelf? it will be intolerable for thee to appear, and impoſſible to lie hid. Therfore be wiſe, and defer not thy repentance to this time; for at this time theſe perturbations and confuſions will make thee unfit, *cogitare de ſalute*, to think upon thy ſalvation. Saint *Auguſtine* ſayes well, *Nemo poteſt malè mori qui benè vixit, & bene mori qui malè vixerit*;

No

No man can die amiſſe that hath lived well, nor die happily that hath lived wickedly; therefore, *ut tutiùs poſſis vivere, & morì ſecuriùs*, that thou mayeſt live more ſafely, and die more conſtantly; Repent betimes.

The little Bee, ſo ſoon as flowers ſpring, goes abroad, viewes the gay Diapery, and the diverſity of the flowery fields, ſucks the ſweeteſt of them, fraights her thighes, makes a curious combe, and ſo betimes hoards up Honey in Summer againſt the Winter.

Mors hyems eſt; orate ne fiat fuga veſtra hyeme: death is that winter, pray that your flight be not in the Winter. Why is the Winter harder to the Graſhopper then to the Ant? Prudencie in one, and imprudencie in the other differs them. To a wiſe heart, expectarion of the event is a great advantage.

Think not thou the Winter of thine age, a time fit enough for this work. *Manna* muſt be gathered in the morning, the orient pearle

pearle is generated of the morning dew.

It is too late, when time is past, before you begin. Happy is the man, who improves the dayes of his youth to the prevention of evil, prevision is the best prevention. It is said of Father *Jacob*, who was a great Traveller, that before he died, *Pedes suos ad se collegit*; *Sic tu animi pedes*: he plucked up his feet to him, so do thou the feet of thy soule. Those cogitations and affections, *quibus vivens totum orbem peragrâsti*, on which whilest thou livedst thou diddest wander over all the world; Gather them up, and then repose to rest. Begin not then to turne to God, when thou canst not turne thee in thy bed. None can be good too early. Christ in all his Examples meant our Instructions; he went up to the Temple in his Nonage: The foure Ages of men are resembled to the foure vigils of the night; *Prima pueritiam*; *Secunda adolescentiam*; *Tertia virilem*; *Quarta senectutem*

ad

adumbrat: The first signifies childhood, the second youth, third manhood, the fourth old age. The first and last are sleepy ages: the other are the vigorous times. Therefore *paret se homo, præcingat se secunda & tertia*: let a man prepare himself, and make himself ready in the second & third watch. These are the watches Christ mentions for his coming: *Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing*: But if that servant say in his heart, My Lord delayes his coming; the Lord of that servant will come in a day when he looks not for him.

Repentance when to be practised.

REpentance also in the time of sickness is commonly as sick as the party yielding then, when it cannot resist, and then preparing and repenting, when all other helps and hopes faile.

Eloquent death, *in die suo*, in his day will tell thee the hapoinesse of timely repentance; an houre here

may obtain a pardon, which all eternity cannot get hereafter.

Truſt not long life, nor late repentance. One ſaith well, Play not the Courtier with your ſoul. The Courtier doth all things late, riſes late, dines late, ſups late, repents late.

Sera pœnitentia rarò vera: Late repentance is ſeldom true.

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

The end of time affords little time, *Omnis motus naturalis velocior eſt in fine*: all natural motion is more ſwift towards the end. Holy *Job* tells us, *If thy bones be full of the ſinne of thy youth, they will lie down with thee in the duſt. Sed moriantur ante mortem vitia, & ad judicium non ſequantur*: but let thy ſinnes die before death, and not follow thee to judgement. When death hath folded up thy dayes, all opportunity is paſt. The cock crowed; but that *Gallicinium*, cock-crowing, ſo ſhrill a voice could not awake thee. Therefore *Cygnicinium*, Swans-ſong, that doleful muſick muſt end the Scene.

Do

Do therefore by thy conſcience, as men deal with their Stewards, call it to account *ante mortem, & audies mortem dicentem, Non poſſis velicare amplius*, before death, and thou ſhalt hear death ſaying, Thou ſhalt be no longer Steward; Ply time while you have it, *Mercatum hanc vitam puta, ſed nec nundinæ poſt vitam, nec quæſtus loci*, Imagine thy life to be a market, & that there is neither traffick, nor gaine to be made after it.

In a long miſ-led life we amaſſe many ſins; it will ask great labour to quit them. Great labour and little time ſuit not. Therefore work while it is day: *The night cometh when no man can work.* Watch and pray, *Sit oratio clavis diei, & ſera noctis*, Let prayer be the key of the day, and the lock of the night: *Repent and be converted*, ſaith S. *Peter*, *that your ſins may be blotted out when the time of refreſhing ſhall come. Few and evil are the days* of the longeſt-lived man; Yet to every man there is a *Triduum*, a ſpace of three dayes lent, but ſleep not, *uſque Quatriduum*, until the

fourth day, leſt it be ſaid, *He hath lien four dayes in the grave: Jam fœtat*, and now ſtinketh.

One obſerveth, that God reſtored life to three men; to one in his bed, to another on the beare, to the third in the grave.

They that conceive ſin in their hearts, are like to him that was dead in his bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his beare; But they that defer and continue in ſin, are like him that was four dayes dead and ſtank in his grave. The Primitive Church called them *Clinici Chriſtiani*, bedrid Chriſtians; Bedrid Chriſtians that prepared not for death, but upon their deaths-bed.

There is no ſafety in procraſtinating; therefore flatter not thy ſelfe by the theefes example, who repented, but in *illa hora*, that hour. That is not put for imitation, but to keep from deſperation.

It is a ſtrange thing to ſee that old men will not ſee death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though

though it ſtand at their backs. The old gray-headed man to ſeeme young, had coloured his haire black, but the devil told him he would not be ſo cozened.

Non omnes fallis, ſcit te Prôſerpina canum, Thou canſt not, fool, deceive all eyes; death ſees thee gray, through thy diſguiſe.

If man marks things well, *Mundus ipſe ſeneſcit*, The world it ſelfe grows old.

The common faſhion is to put men in minde of their death, when we doubt they cannot live: Till the Phyſician finde ſome ill ſymptomes, the patient may not be diſheartned with the name of death.

Zenas the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Phyſician muſt have given us over, before we will ſend for *Barnabas* the ſon of conſolation: *Vbi deſinit medicus, incipit Dominus*, when the Phyſician gives over, God begins, ſay moſt men. But at this time draw not the curtaine before the ſick, but let him ſee his ſins; for he is the good Phyſician of my ſoule that tells me

of death when he ſees me live in ſin. But the beſt phyſick the patient liketh worſt.

There is not any man ſo wicked, who with his good will would die in his ſin; yet moſt men ſo live, as if they believed permiſſion were the Article of their faith all their life long, and the Article of remiſſion of ſins were reſerved till the point of death. No man that truly repents is refuſed at any time; but many a one ſins ſo long that he cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with grief for opportunity loſt, will repent that ever he lived, and would count it happineſſe enough to die, ſo he might then ceaſe to be. But that will not be, *Quia mors eſt ſine morte, ſemper vivit, ſemper occidit, ſed nunquam præoccidit*, Becauſe death is without death, alwayes lives, and alwayes killeth, but never kills outright. Death hath no death.

That which ends all is without all end. Remember the fooliſh Virgins: It will be too late to prepare oile, when

when the bridegroom is coming. The warning is given, *Be ye ready, for the Son of man comes at an houre. Non dicit annum, aut menſem, cùm ne ſecuris per horam conſtet*, he ſayes not an yeer, nor a moneth, becauſe even they that are ſecure are not certaine of an houre. He ſaith, *Ecce venio ſicut fur*, Lo, I come as a thief; that is, when you ſleep beſt, and think leaſt of him: *Dum nec mortem irruentem, nec Judicem venientem, nec ſupplicium horrendum vidimus*, When you neither ſee death ruſhing on, nor the Judge approaching, nor the horrour of puniſhment. In hell men ſleep not, becauſe here they ſlept where they ſhould have watched.

Settlement in Religion is the beſt preparative for Death.

NOw as it is wiſdom to be prepared for death; ſo if you will die with peace of conſcience, and without trouble of mind, be well reſolved in point of Religion before you die: play not the hypocrite, nor

the politick, who cares not what religion be, ſo ſome be; whoſe rule is, *Religio ad morem, non ad rem pertinet*, Religion is matter of cuſtome rather then of conſequence.

It is true that honeſt men muſt have ſomewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Dove. For policy and Religion do as well together, as they do ill aſunder. Religion without policy is too ſimple to be ſafe: Policy without Religion is too ſubtil to be good. Worſe then both is prophane Neutrality, or *Laodicean* coldneſſe. Never any man was a loſer by believing: for faith is ever recompenced with glory; while thou livedſt, it was not amiſſe to make doubts; for it ſhews wit to move a queſtion well, and it ſhews judgement to reſolve well. Some queſtions argue rather faith then doubt. In multitude of opinions there is but one truth, and amongſt ſundry truths there is but one neceſſary to ſalvation. But in points of difference diſtinguiſh: for in reconcileable differences, nothing is more ſafe then indifferency: But in

in main oppoſitions be not neuter: for it is a leſſe eye-ſore to God to go upright in a wrong way, then to halt in a right way.

Though you move doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you ſhall finde it a fearfull thing to die in doubt; and the comfortableſt thing under heaven, to be well aſſured, and cleerly reſolved in the truth of your faith before you die.

Some love to ſee the object of their faith, and ſo are led to idolatry; Others to co-operate in the work of their ſalvation, and ſo give part to merit: *Nil tibi tribuas*, aſcribe nothing to thy ſelf, is ſafeſt. There's danger in aſcribing too litle to grace, for that robs God of honour. But if we aſcribe too little to our ſelves, there is no danger on that ſide.

When this is done, then be of good cheere, for thou ſhalt heare Chriſt (the life of thy hope here, and hope of thy life hereafter) ſay unto thy ſick ſoul, as he ſaid unto the ſinful woman, *Go in peace, thy faith hath*

ſaved thee, enter thou into thy Maſters joy.

And let all conceited humaniſts remember what their maſter *Ariſtotle* ſaid when he died: *Anxius vixi, dubius morior: O Ens entium, miſerere mei,* I lived uncertaine, I die doubtful: O thou being of beings, have mercy upon me.

Sed parum prodeſt amodò miſerere mei, but to ſay then, have mercy Lord will be found but a bootleſſe word.

Now of the way to die well.

HE that would end his dayes well, muſt ſpend them well: *Non eſt res magna vivere: Hoc omnes faciunt: ſed pauci bene moriuntur:* 'Tis no great matter to live; all do as much: but few die well. *Et illi Mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur ſibi,* But death falls ſad and heavy upon ſuch, are little known at home, abroad too much. Man is ready to die before he lives; but therefore liveth a time in the world, that he may die be-

betimes to the world. *His years come to an end as a tale that is told*; his dayes deceive him, for they paſſe as a ſhadow by Moonſhine, then appearing longeſt, when they draw neareſt to an end.

Things give counſel unto men, better then men do to the things. Here we dwell but in tents; and Tents, we know, are ſet up to be taken down again ſhortly.

We that live here, live by death; for had not Chriſt died, we had not lived; he died for ſin, we live in ſin. Therefore with S. *Paul* I will ſay; *My life is not dear unto me, ſo as I may finiſh my courſe with joy.*

Do you deſire to live a long time? The Son of *Sirach* ſaith, *A man that is made perfect, in a ſhort time fulfils a long time. Et vita ipſa, ſi ſcias uti, longa eſt*, and this ſhort life if thou haſt learned to uſe it well, is made long. The *Spaniard* ſaith, *Vir bonus bis vivit*, A good man lives twice.

Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus; hoc eſt, vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui, All vertuous men make lifes

ſhort

ſhort inch an ell, This is to live double to imploy life well. He lives twice that beſtowes the forepart of his life well.

Vincere ſcis Hannibal, uti victoria neſcis O *Hannibal* thou knowſt how to get a victory, but not how to uſe it.

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by victories, not by days; So ſhould good men count their days by the good they do, or the ſin they conquer in that day.

Numbring of days, ſaith S. *Auguſtine*, is not *numerus dierum quis ſit*, how much is the number of thy days, but *qui ſit*, of what ſort, that's the golden number.

Tres ſunt dies hominum, ſaith Saint *Hierome*, *dies converſionis*, *dies converſationis*, *dies reſurrectionis*, Man hath three dayes, the day of his converſion, of his converſation, and of his reſurrection. And thus doth one day certifie another.

Time lent us flies away in the time that is lent us, every moment coming, being the death of that is paſt:

paſt: Therefore weigh well every leaſt moment; for it is of ſo great moment, as that upon it depends eternity of time to come, that eternity which is not bounded within the Kalender of time; After a hundred thouſand yeares eternity is ſtill as long as it was.

THe Art of dying well is better learnt by practice, then by precept.

Unto dying well three things are moſt requiſite:

1. Firſt, to be often meditating upon death.

2. Secondly, to be dying daily.

3. Thirdly, to die by little and little.

The firſt ſtep of dying well.

OFten meditation of death brings a man to die in eaſe; for it alleviates pains, expels feares, eaſes cares, cures ſins, corrects death it ſelf. The very thought of eternity will pleaſant and make eaſie all things we ſuffer in a miſerable life.

Quo

Quomodo non morimur, cùm vivitur mortuis? How can we be said not to die, when we live among the dead? We live with so many deaths about us, as we cannot but often think of dying.

Every humour in us engenders diseases enough to kil us, so that our bodies are but living graves; and we die not because we are sick, but because we live. And when we recover from sickness we escape not sickness, but the disease: All this life is but a death of an houre.

Do as the Preacher counsels; What thou hast to do, that do quickly; For in the grave, whither thou goest, there is neither work, nor discourse, nor travel, nor wisdom, nor conversation, nor fruition of any thing; all is entombed in sadness darkness overshadowing it.

Play then the wise mans part; Measure not life, *spatio, sed actu*, by the extent, but imployment. Life is ordained for action, not for fruition. If thou hast any good to do for the Church, the Common-wealth, or thy

thy friends, *fac citò*, do it quickly: for though he be happieſt that can enjoy a little with the peace of an honeſt heart, yet if thou haſt much goods laid up in ſtore, make thee friends with thy Mammon: *nam bona tua ſunt bona, ſi tu ſis bonus*, for thy goods are then truly good, if thou beeſt good. Though ſecurity reſts in a mean eſtate, yet there is pleaſure in abundance; and for ſpiritual end, temporal bleſſings may be deſired. *Abraham* was rich in great meaſure; but rich in faith above meaſure. But ſing not a *requiem* to thy ſoul; nor ſay vainly. *Vivamus dum vivimus, ſors fortunâ, ut volet, ordinet*, Let us live merrily as long as we live, and let fortune diſpoſe all at a venture as ſhe pleaſeth: for ſo doth a mind uncertaine of ſucceſſe relieve it ſelf with poſſibility: *ſed ſi cor tuū non eſſet fatuū, non crederes fatuum*: but if thy hart were not fooliſh, thou wouldſt not believe a fool. Wiſdom is fortuns miſtreſſe; wait on her, and remember, *Hac nocte*, this night, the day of vanity being paſt, the night of judg-

ment

ment comes: when both light and delight go out together.

Excellently doth the Book of Wisdome descry the thoughts of a vaine voluptuous man, one that thinks himself *Deus terræ*, the God of the earth, when he is but *terreus Deus*, an earthly God. This man reasoning with himself, but not aright, saith, Our life is short and tedious, against death there is no remedy, from the grave there is no returning; we are borne at all adventures, and hereafter shall be as if we had never been: Our breath is smoak, a little spark in our hearts, which being extinct, our body turns to ashes; and our spirit vanishes like soft aire. Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present, let us fill our selves with costly wine and ointments: let no flowre of the spring passe by us: Let us crown our selves with rose-buds, leave tokens of our jollity; for this our portion, and our lot: let our strength be the law of justice: for that which is feeble is nothing worth.

The

The righteous man is not for our turn, he is alwayes contrary to our doings, he upbraideth us with the law, objects to our infamy the transgression of our education. He was made to reprove us: He is therefore grievous to us, his life is not like other mens, his ways are of another fashion.

Such things these vaine men have imagined, but they are deceived: when they cast up the account of their own sins, they shall come with feare, and say with sorrow, This was he whom we had sometimes in derision, and made a proverb of reproach. We fooles accounted his life madnesse, and his end to be without honour.

But how is he now numbred amongst the happy, and his lot amongst the Saints? what hath pride profited us, or what hath riches with our vauntings brought us? All these are passed away like a shadow, and as a Post that runneth by. This verifies that saying, *Breve est quod delectat, sed æternum quod cruciat*, that which

which is delightful, is but ſhort; but that which ſhall torment, is eternal.

In vaine doth man ſtrive to have that which he cannot enjoy, or to enjoy much by meere relation. The rich man hath not ſo much advantage of the poor by enjoying, as the poor hath of the rich by leaving.

Sadly and ſuddenly ſhalt thou find all worldly pleaſures turned into walking dreams.

Dormierunt ſomnum ſuum, & nihil invenerunt omnes viri divitiarum, They have ſlept their ſleep, and all the men of riches have found nothing, ſaith the Pſalmiſt, *Pſal.* 76.5.

Notwithſtanding man while he lives, fancies many things and covets without end; but all to no end. *Et quæ paraſti, cujus erunt?* and whoſe ſhall thoſe things be which thou haſt gotten? Either they paſſe from you, or you from them. *Non eſt noſtrum, quod non eſt ſemper noſtrum*, this is not ours, which is not always ours: but theſe things, *Si non habent finem ſuum, habebunt finem tuum*, if they have not an end of their own, yet

yet they will have thy end. All the towers in the aire that thou haſt built, *uno ictu proſternentur*, ſhall be thrown down at one blow. Ere long two ells of earth ſhall ſerve, whom ſcarce a world could ſatisfie.

Privacy with death, a ſovereigne cordial againſt DEATH.

THerefore be acquainted with death betimes, for throughacquaintance death will loſe his horrour; like unto an ill face, though it he as formidable as a monſter, yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from diſtaſte: walk every day with *Joſeph* a turn or two in thy garden with death, and thou ſhalt be well acquainted with the face of death, but ſhalt never feele the ſting of death; death is black, but comely. *Philoſtrates* lived ſeven yeers in his Tombe, that he might be acquainted with it againſt his bones came to lie in it. Some

Some Philoſophers have been ſo rapt in this contemplation of death and immortality, that they diſcourſe ſo familiarly and pleaſingly of it, as if a fair death were to be preferred before a pleaſant life.

This is well for natures part; and Moraliſts think this enough for their part to conceive ſo: But Chriſtians muſt go further, and ſearch deeper: They muſt try where the power of death lies, They ſhall finde that the power of every mans death lies in his own ſins.

That death never hurts a man, but with his own weapon: It alwayes turns upon us ſome ſinne it findes in us. *The ſting of death is ſin:* Pluck out the ſting, death cannnot hurt us. The way to die well is to die often. Let a man often and ſeriouſly think of dying, then let him ſin if he can, ſaid *Picus Mirandula.* And herein is our happineſſe; though we live in ſin, yet we die without ſin; Therefore to me death is welcome, not as an end of troubles, but of ſin.

The second Step.

THe second Step to dying well, is to die daily.

Morior ne moriar, I die that I may not die, I die daily, saith Saint *Paul*. *Singulos dies, singulas vitas puta; qui enim omnes dies tanquàm vitam ordinat, crastinum nec optat, nec timet*, So many dayes as thou liveſt, reckon ſo many lives; for he that diſpoſeth all his dayes as one life, can neither wiſh, nor fear to morrow.

The old ſaying is a good one. Do that every day, which thou wouldeſt do the ſame day that thou dieſt. *Bonum eſt conſumere vitam ante mortem*, 'Tis an excellent thing to make all we can of life before death: But moſt men *de vita exeunt, antequam de morte cogitant*, go out of life before they think of death. Let be done willingly, what we muſt do neceſſarily, and what we can do but once, let that be done well: Yield that readily as a gift, which you muſt pay, as a debt at laſt. Did men think that death

death were only an end of life, and no more: every man for his own ends would be a disturber of the worlds peace while he lived, and make his own peace but just when he died.

He that dies daily, seldome dies dejectedly; *facilè contemnit mortem, qui se quotidiè moriturum putat*, he does easily despise death who remembers himself to be mortal every day: likewise, he that will live when he dies, must die while he lives. For if he die not to sinne while he lives, his sinne will live in him when he is dead.

The widow that lives in pleasure (saith Saint *Paul*) *is dead while she lives.* Live holily, and you shall die happily: Live as though there were no Gospel, but die as though there were no Law. *Studeto talem esse in vitâ, qualem velis repeiriri in morte*, strive to be such in thy life, as thou wouldest desire to be at death.

Two ſorts of death whereto every man living is ſubject.

A Living man is ſubject to a double death: The one natural, the other ſpiritual. Natural death doth but ſeparate the body from the ſoule: But ſpiritual death ſeparates the ſoule from God. Of all other, it is the moſt deſperate ſtate of life to live naturally, and to be dead ſpiritually: *Thou haſt a name to live, but thou art dead*, ſaid S. *Iohn* of the Church of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigal childe returned from his evil ways it is ſaid, *This my ſon was dead, but is now alive*.

In *Sardis* there grew an herb called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lie laughing when he was deadly ſick: Such is the operation of ſin. Beware therefore of this *Riſus Sardonicus*, laughter of *Sardis*.

We count it a fearful thing for a man to be authour of his own death; but a ſinful life ſlays the ſoul, and ſo while we live we kill or loſe our bet-

better life. The Commandment that ſayes, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, ſpecially forbids the murthering of our owne ſoules.

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worſt death.

It is therefore holy wiſdom for a man to let his ſinnes die before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia*, Let thy vices die before thee, they actually, thou virtually: that ſo when thou art to die indeed, thou have nothing elſe to do, but die.

Mortem horres amaram, ſubitam, turbulentam: vis placidam, piam, quietam? in tua eſt poteſtate, qualem vis efficere, Thou art afraid of a bitter, ſudden, troubleſome death: wouldeſt thou have it delightful, and holy, and quiet? it is in thine own power to make it ſuch as thou wouldeſt have it.

If Riches, Honours, Pleaſures, have taken thee, leave them ere they leave thee; and ſay unto them, as *Job* ſaid to his friends, *Miſerable comforters are you all.*

Turba

Turba ejicitur, ut puella excitetur, the company is put forth that this maid may be raiſed, ſaith St. *Mark.* Thy Soule lies as that Damoſel in trances of death, while ſhe is in the chambers of pleaſure, and is not raiſed to life; *Antequam turba curarum & deliciarum mundanarum ejicitur,* until that troop of worldly cares and pleaſures be thruſt out.

There is nothing wherein wiſdom is more ſeen, then in the temperate uſe of pleaſures and proſperity; (which are but falſe notes of truth) nor is there a truer argument of folly then vainneſſe and exceſſe.

Oculi ſtultorum ſemper in finibus terræ, The eyes of fooles are alwayes in the ends of the earth, but trail not after them. Pro. 17

Sufficit diei dolor ſui, ſufficient for the day is the ſorrow thereof: A dayes ſickneſſe will make us ſenſible of lifes grief; yet if life do delight thee (becauſe *Ironies* do deny ſtrongeſt in affirming) *utere & fruere,* uſe it, enjoy it. But take my Mat. 6

counſel, keep life in exerciſe of ſome calling. For you ſhall finde that exerciſe is no more wholeſome for the body then the ſoule; *Non eſt res delicata vivere,* 'tis no delicate matter to live; we muſt labour in ſome calling, wherefore to ſee well-born men to deſpiſe honeſt callings, as now adayes they do, is a pride without wit. And though pride and idleneſſe have at this day baniſhed thrifty diligence out of great mens houſes, yet we ſee gallant *Abſalom* was a great Sheep-maſter: *Uzziah* the potent King of *Judah* had not been ſo great a King, had he not been ſo great a husband: Good examples to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, muſt be built upon the grounds of Frugality: Frugality and Humility are thriving vertues: Were a calling but to keep a man from idleneſſe, it were a goodneſſe: for the induſtrious man is ſeldome at leiſure to ſinne; whereas the idle man hath neither leiſure nor power

power to avoid ſin. Induſtry in any calling makes a man capable of better employment, whereas Idlers are fit for nothing but temptations.

Time ſpent in hollow viſits, *id eſt*, Courtings, Fantaſtick dreſſings, Lawleſſe diſports, all turn to loſſe.

But however thou entertaineſt life, uſe it as a traveller doth his Inne. for a night and away: *Heri appuliſti, Cras decedes*: Yeſterday thou arrivedſt at it, to morrow thou art to depart. And in thy journey follow not the common track: *Nam ad Deum faciens iter, per trita ſi itur, longiùs abitur.* For he that goes to God, if he go the common rode, goes a great way about. But do as a doubtful Pilgrim, ask queſtions of every one you meet, to ſet you on your way, leſt, as St. *Paul* ſaith, *A promiſe being made us of entring into reſt, we come ſhort of it.* Herein be as great a queſtioniſt, as were thoſe religious Ladies of *Rome*, who never let S. *Hierome* reſt for queſtions,

which was the readieſt way to heaven; The world is full of queſtions, but the beſt queſtion in the world is that of the young man in the Goſpel; *Good Maſter, what ſhall I do that I may have eternal life?* Some mens queſtions are inſtructions, and are meant to teach rather then to learn. Yet in any caſe be none of thoſe Queriſts, who muſt have a reaſon for every thing in Religion, who think to come to God by cunning, and by reaſon, not by faith. As if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true, Humane reaſon well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therefore it is an ignorant conceit, that skill ſhould make men *Atheiſts*, when we finde it in the Goſpel, that no men were ſo apt to ſee the Star of Chriſt, as thoſe wiſe men, the diſciples of Philoſophy.

Be dying daily, and you ſhall ſoon come to God. If a man would compare the forenoon of his age with the afternoon, and obſerve how long te one is, and how ſhort the other

other is, every man would be dying daily, and loath to loſe a day.

Palmares poſuiſti dies meos, thou haſt made my dayes as an handbreadth: according to *Davids* meaſure life is a Span; the longeſt liver hath but a handful of dayes, and life it ſelfe like a circle, alwayes begins where it ends. Pſ. 39. 5.

Erat, quando non erat; ſed erit. It was when it was not, but it ſhall be. Time was, when man was not: but how late a beginning ſoever man had, yet after death he ſhall be ſure never to ſee end; therefore remember the Chriſtian motto, *Annos æternos ſemper in mente habe*, have in thy thoughts alwayes the years of eternity.

With the *Ancient of dayes* there are no dayes: And the time ſhall be when time ſhall be no more. *Supra eſt quod ſupereſt*, that which is over and above is only above.

Two common Errours.

THere are two common errours which deceive moſt men:

First, that a man enters not into eternal life till he dies; whereas his calling here begins his life eternal. *This day is ſalvation come unto thy houſe*, ſaid Chriſt to *Zaccheus*, when he called him from the Tree.

Faith prevents time, and makes things future, preſent.

A pious man ſo lives here, as if his converſation were in heaven, carrying himſelf not only honeſtly, civilly and humanely, but beyond natural comportment: his preſent life ſeems ſuperhumane, divine and ſpiritual; and ſo by leading a life heavenly, begins heaven here. *Bleſſed is he*, ſaith Saint *John, that hath his part in the firſt Reſurrection, for the ſecond death ſhall have no power over him.*

The ſecond errour is, however a man lives, yet if at laſt he ſeem to die well, then all is well, and his ſoule is ſure to be ſaved: this is a bold and a dangerous conceit; for though Miſery be the object of Mercy, and Hope the miſerable mans God, yet humane life, as it hath not

a

a greater friend, ſo many times not a greater foe then Hope. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali*, the delay of good is a certain kinde of evil; ſuſpended hope is but a ſad comfort.

Yet many would die, did not hope ſuſtain them: but more have died flattered with vain hope.

Not every one that ſaith, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Enter into the firſt degree of life eternal here, or thou muſt die eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon us*, in thy mouth.

Wherefore I deſire to have my part here in the firſt Reſurrection, which is from ſin to Grace: that ſo I may enjoy the ſecond Reſurrection, which is from duſt to Glory.

Thou haſt brought me, ſaith *David*, *out of the duſt of death.* Pſ. 22.

To die by little and little, the third ſtep.

THe third ſtep to dying well, is to die by little and little. Naturally

turally we are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our minds, the ſtrength of our bodies, our common ſenſes are every day decaying *paulatim*, by little and little: every ſin is more then a diſeaſe, and a wicked life makes a continual death, *Impiè vivere eſt diu mori*, to live wickedly is to be long a dying; Therefore ſaith the good man, *Toto die mortificamur*, we are killed all the day long.

He that uſeth this courſe every day to die by little and little, to him let Death come when it will, it can neither be terrible nor ſudden.

If we keep a Courſer to run a Race, we lead him daily ore the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when he comes upon his ſpeed, he do not ſtart or turn aſide for any thing he ſees. So let us inure our ſoules, and then *we ſhall run with boldneſſe the race that is ſet before us.*

To die by little and little, is firſt to mortifie our leſſer ſins, and not to ſay with *Lot*, *Is it not a little one?*

We

We may not waſh our hands of crying, and from bloody ſins, and hug in our boſomes beloved and Herodian ſins, ſins of higher tincture; *Hoc eſt tolerare, non tollere peccata*, this is to beare with, not to bear away ſin. Saint *Auguſtine* ſayes finely, *Delicta dilecta ſunt relinquenda*, delinquencies delighted in are to be forſaken. Men commonly diſcard thoſe ſins they can beſt ſpare, but retain thoſe they love beſt; and by changing them into better terms, would turn them from being ſins; as pride, that diſcontented ſin, muſt be counted State; Vanity, Civility; Diſſimulation, Courtſhip; Anger, Courage; Wantoniſing a trick of youth; Swearing, *Genus quoddam ſermonis, non peccati*; a certain kinde of diſcourſe rather then of ſin; but take heed, ſpecially of theſe ſins, that make a vertue a ſin, and ſin to ſeem a vertue.

Multa enim vitia ſe virtutes eſſe mentiuntur, for many vices counterfeit themſelves to be vertues. A man, ſaith *Plato*, may do ill; but to diſ-

guiſe it, or defend it, is to outface Truth. Sins property is to work upon ſome vice, but to be proud in that you are not proud, is a *Phœnix* pride. So to be drunk for company is a ſin worſe then ſin, for other ſins move not ſhame, but hide it; this diſplayes it. Therefore forced healths at great Feaſts is a barbarous faſhion: At *Aſſuerus* feaſt every mans rule was his own choice, and the civility of very Pagans commanded liberty of their cups.

It is hard to commit a ſingle ſin, yet of ſinners, if either party be wiſe, both may eſcape.

They cannot want retentives from ſin, that live either amongſt friends or enemies; for friends may not be grieved; enemies may not be provoked.

Be wiſe therefore in good fellowſhip; no man is ſo wicked as to be addicted to all kinde of vices; for betwixt ſome vices there is an antipathy, nor is any man ſo lewd as not to be ſomtimes in good moods, and

and diſlike ſome ſins; the world were not to live in, if all ſins were affected by all men: But certainly great ſins will never be conquered, if little ſins be cheriſhed: formal penitents will eaſily part with ſo-much of their ſin, as may abate nothing of their profit.

There be alſo a ſort of little deaths, as ſickneſſe of body, loſſe of friends, and the like. Uſe theſe in their kinde, and you may make them kindly helps to dying well.

Modeſt beginnings have hopeful proceedings, and happy endings; proceed therefore by degrees: the Prophet *David* went, *ſuſpenſo gradu*, ſtep by ſtep, and ſo *compaſſed Gods Altar*; God himſelf made nothing abſolute at firſt. This great God loves to have degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatneſſe is the courſe of the world.

Wherefore they ſay in Court, He is out of the danger of folly, whom a ſpeedy advancement leaves wiſe.

Omnis mutatio eſt quædam mortis imitatio, every change is a certain imi-

imitation of death. Let a man go out as he came into the world, which was, first by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Sense*, afterwards of *Reason*.

David prescribes us this order, when he sayes, *Doce me, & duce me, Domine*, O Lord, teach me and guide me. He will not run, till he be taught to go.

1.3. *Teach me to do thy Will, and lead me, O Lord, into the Land.*

What land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*, Land on earth, which by labour yields us all pleasure: that's not it.

There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which we bear about us; nor is this it.

There is *terra quam quærimus*; the glorious Land of Promise, that's the Land we seek. Into this Land, *Duce me, Domine*, O Lord, lead me.

For the manner of dying.

AMongst men it is a matter of chief mark, the manner of a mans

mans death. *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus*, the chief good of man is his good departure out of this life.

Before you die ſet your houſe in order: He that hath not a houſe yet hath a ſoule: no ſoule can want affaires to ſet in order, for this final diſſolution.

The chief grace of the Theatre is the laſt Scene. It is the Evening that crownes the day, and we think it no good ſigne of a fair morrow, when the Sun ſets in a cloud; *Finis coronat opus*, the end crownes every work. Yet I perſwade my ſelfe, that night cannot but be happy, whoſe day hath been holy.

David in a deep Contemplation upon the manner of mans dying, ingeminates the word, ſaying, *Domine, Domine, exitus Mortis, O Lord, Lord, the iſſues of death belong to thee.* Pſ. 68

Live religiouſly, and thou ſhalt die comfortably.

All men, as men, die naturally: as Chriſtians ſhould die religiouſly.

The

The good man can equally live or die; for he knows if he live, God will protect him; if he die, God will receive him.

Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a Crown of Life, saith *Christ.*

Most men wish a short Death, because Death is alwayes accompanied with paine. *Morimur gementes,* we die groaning. To lie but an houre under death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day we think beyond the strength of humane patience: He that desires to be dissolved and be with Christ, dies not patiently, but lives patiently, and dies delightfully. Happy he that after due preparation, dies ere he be aware; So is he happy that by long sickneſſe sees Death afar off; for the one dies like *Elias,* the other like *Elisha,* both blessedly.

The best posture to be found in when Death comes, is in the exercise of our calling: *Presse,* saith Saint *Paul, towards the mark for the prize of the high calling.*

When

When thou art heavy unto death, then ſhew a lively Faith, for at that time a ſtupid patience is worſe then paſſion.

When thou art ſpeechleſſe, uſe that *Silentium loquens*, ſpeaking ſilence, tears from thy heart, *Tacuit Petrus, ſed flevit*, *Peter* was ſilent, but he wept, and it was counted to him for eloquence; *Nam affectum prodidit*, for it diſcovered his affection; a teare is but a diſſolved pearle, a pearle but a condenſed teare; At this time turn words into teares, and they will turn pearls. He that made the mouth is not taken with words.

A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not deſpiſe.

When thou art dying, lie ſorrowing for thy ſins, yet not deſpairing; for there is joy in grief, where the ſorrow is for ſins; *I am the man*, ſaith *Jeremie, that have ſeen ſorrows*: But this *dolor peccati*, grief for ſin, makes *gaudium doloris*, a joy in ſorrow. *There is more joy in Heaven for one ſinner that repenteth, then, &c.*

Be-

Before thou dieſt vow thy ſoule to God, *nam qui jubet ut voveas, juvat ut reddas*, for he that commands thee to vow, will help thee to pay. Offer ſacrifice upon the Altar of thy heart; If thou haſt not a Lambe, that is, meekneſſe; or a Bullock, that is, bountifulneſſe; yet a pigeon, that is, well-wiſhing; or a paire of turtles, that is, *gemitus*, a groan; a ſound of ſorrow that thou haſt no better. As God loves not empty hands, ſo he meaſures fulneſſe by the affection.

Thoſe that have moſt ſtudied men and ſtories, do obſerve that the greateſt men and beſt wits, when once they came to finde their owne mortality, do then with ſtrongeſt reſolution quit the world, apply wholly to devotion, and ſo end their dayes with moſt quietneſſe in peace.

A good man, by his good will, would die praying; and do as the Pilgrim doth, go on in his way ſinging, and ſo addes the paine of ſinging to that of going; Yet by this ſur-

ſurplus of paine unwearies himſelf of paine.

But ſome wretches think God rather curious, then they faulty, if a few ſighes, with a [Lord have mercy upon us] be not enough at the laſt gaſpe.

Weakneſſe muſt not argue, but yield; God hath ſaid it, and they ſhall finde it.

Not every one that ſaith, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdome of Heaven, but he that doth the Will of my Father which is in Heaven.

Commonly good men are beſt at laſt, even when they are dying: for they ſeldome die of a ſin-ſickneſſe.

The ſickneſſe of the ſoule hath this advantage of the bodies ſickneſſe; it never languiſhes under the Phyſicians hand; when it ſeems at worſt, then it is beſt; no ſooner ſaith *David, I am ſick*; but *Nathan* tells him, Thou art well: no ſooner ſayes, *I have ſinned and muſt die*, but the Prophet tells him, *The Lord hath put away thy ſin, thou ſhalt not die*;

die. Thus doth repentance make pardon coetaneous with the fault.

But it is juſt with God, that they who live without repentance ſhould die without comfort. Wo is him, whoſe bed is made in hell! Know this and beleeve it, all our happineſſe here is holineſſe, and holineſſe hereafter ſhall be our happineſſe.

There is no ſpectacle in the world ſo profitable, or more terrible, then to behold a dying man, to ſtand by, and ſee a man diſmanned. Curiouſly didſt thou make man *in the loweſt part of the earth*, ſaith *David:* but to ſee thoſe elements which compounded, made the body, to ſee them divided, and the man diſſolved, is a ruful ſight. So dependent is the life of man, that it cannot want one element; fire and aire, theſe flie upward; water and earth, theſe ſink downward; ſo living man becomes a dead carcaſe, *The breath of man goeth out, he turnes again to earth, and then all his thoughts periſh.* And what is man but for his thoughts?

Evety

Every dying man carries heaven and earth wrapt up in his boſome, and at this time each part returnes homeward.

Seneca thought a man might chooſe his own death, which was ſome eaſe to him. *Quemadmodum navim eligam navigaturus, & domū habitaturus, Ita mortem utiq; quâ ſum exiturus è vita.* As being to ſail I may be allowed to chooſe my ſhip, and to dwell in any place, my houſe; ſo it is as meet that I chooſe that kinde of death, by which I ſhall depart from this life. But better ſaith another, *Stultè hæc cogitantur: vitam aliis approbare quiſquam debet, mortem verò ſibi*, theſe things are fooliſhly cared for; every man ought to approve his life to others, but his death to himſelf alone.

But ſince it is ſo great a matter to die, ſo neceſſary to die well, ſo dangerous to die ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is well adventured, where it is a gaine to loſe it.

Certainly death hath great depen-

pendencie on the courſe of mans life, and life it ſelfe is as fraile as the body which it animates.

Auguſtus Cæſar bonam mortem putabas celerem, & inſperatam, quæ nullâ ægritudine pulſârat fores, Auguſtus Cæſar accounted this to be the beſt death which is quick and unexpected, and that beats not at our doors by any painful ſickneſs. So often as he heard of a man that had a quick paſſage, with little ſenſe of paine, he wiſhed for himſelf that *Euthanaſie*: While he lived he uſed to ſet himſelf between his two friends, *Suſpiria & Lachrymæ*; groans and teares; when he died he called for his looking-glaſſe, commanded to have his haire and beard kembed, *Et malas labentes corrigi*, his riveled cheeks ſmoothed up: Then asking his friends if he had acted his part well, *Cùm ita reſponderint, Vos omnes igitur, inquit, plaudite*, when they anſwered, Yes, why then, ſayes he, do you all clap your hands for me.

Alexander the great did ask the *Indian*

Indian Philoſopher how long a man ſhould live, ſaith he, Until he think it better to die then live; but Saint *Paul* is our beſt patterne, who being weary of the world, deſiring to be diſſolved, cried out, (*voce tamen deſiderantis, non deſperantis*, as one deſiring rather then deſpairing,) *O wretched man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from this body of death*!

There be many that chooſe rather to die quickly, then to live long ſickly: *Vitam deſiderant non longam, ſed lætam*; they deſire not a long life, but a merry; yet better were it for them, *aliquando ægrotare*, to be ſick ſometimes, then *continuè valere*, to be alwayes in health. For *vitioſa ſanitas*, a wicked health will make them thank Nature and forget God.

Some on the other ſide will invite Death to do them the kindneſſe to take them ſoon out of the world, counting a ſhort death the happieſt paſſage of a mans life; yet a little while, and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry.

If

If life come once to be a diſpleaſure, then death comes to do us a pleaſure: and for this (ſaith *Tully*) a man is moſt beholding to Nature: *Quòd unum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitus verò multos,* becauſe ſhe gave only one entrance to life, but many wayes to go out: *Sed non ſic itur ad aſtra,* but this is not the way to heaven. Chriſtians know better wayes, as how to live in grace, that they may die in peace; *In pace ad pacem,* in peace into peace: and to whom this grace is given, for them glory is reſerved.

O, ſaith a good man, how ſafe is the condition of Gods children, whom very paine eaſeth, death revives, ſin glorifies!

Yet there is not the ſtrongeſt body, nor holieſt Saint on earth, but at point of death, is ſubject to ſome trepidations and qualmes of feare. For the ſoule which comes into the body without any ſenſible pleaſure, goes not out of the body without the ſenſe of paine. And it troubles many a good ſoule to ſee men of the

the beſt lives, to have diſtempered and perplexed ends: Some raving, ſome deſpairing, ſome dying ſuddenly, and ſeldome any have ſo bitter draughts, as thoſe whom God loves beſt.

Natural diſtempers.

IT is fit therefore to take notice of the natural cauſes. Deſpair in dying, may as well ariſe from weakneſſe of nature, as from trouble of minde: but by neither of theſe can he be prejudiced that hath lived well.

Mark the righteous, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace: His body may be ſick, but his minde is ſound: for *God maketh all his bed in his ſickneſſe*, and in the inſtant of a ſharp ſeparation his ſoule findes is ſelfe happy, for he knows, *Si duriùs ſeponitur, meliùs reponitur*, though it be put off painfully, yet is it laid up joyfully.

Raving, and other ſtrange paſſions, are many times rather the effect

fect of the diſeaſe, then moving from the minde. For upon Death approaches, choler fuming to the braine will cauſe diſtempers in the moſt patient ſoule. In theſe caſes the faireſt and trueſt judgement to be made is, that ſins of ſickneſſe, occaſioned by violence of diſeaſe in a patient man, are but ſins of infirmity, and not to be taken as ill ſignes or preſages; *Filius tantarum lachrymarum*, a ſon of ſo many tears, cannot but be ſaved, ſaid the good Matron, when ſhe ſaw her ſon at worſt: I will not deſpaire in reſpect of that mans impatient dying, whom the worme of conſcience had not devoured living.

Seldome any enter into glory with eaſe: Yet the Jewes ſay of *Moſes*, his ſoule was ſucked out of his mouth with a kiſſe: ſome have their paſſion in death, that is bitter, becauſe it is inward: ſome before death, that is better, becauſe it is outward.

David in this caſe, the better to make his way, prayed and cried, *Lord*,

Lord, ſpare me a little. O ſpare me, that I may recover my ſtrength before I go hence and be no more.

Indeed to *Ezechias* ſome years of dayes were lent; but we are not worthy of that favour; we muſt not expect that God will bring back the ſhadow of degrees when once it is gone down in the dial of *Ahaz*; we muſt time it as we may, and be content to live and die at uncertainties.

Therefore as a ſick man hearkens to the clock, ſo let us watch death. For ſudden coming of death, finding a weak ſoul unprepared, makes it deſperate, and leaves it miſerable.

What death is to be accounted ſudden.

SUdden death of it ſelf is not therefore evil, becauſe it is ſudden, but becauſe it may take us away ſuddenly, our ſoules unprepared. The good man never dies unprepared, becauſe his perſeverance in goodneſſe is a providence againſt ſudden death.

To a man well prepared, ſudden death is but a quicker paſſage, and is not to be accounted a ſudden death, but a ſudden departure, becauſe it came not unlook't for.

Though the righteous be prevented by Death (ſaith the Book of Wiſdom) yet ſhall he be at reſt, becauſe he hath made his peace before-hand. His departure is no miſery, for his hope is full of eternity. *Ezechiel* the Prophet (ſo often ſtiled *Sonne of man*) to him God ſays, *I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes*, (which was his wife) *with a ſtroak ſuddenly*, and *yet thou ſhalt not weep.*

Let not preſent pleaſures of life allure, nor cares thereof poſſeſſe thee, then cannot ſudden death ſurprize thee.

Improviſa nulli Mors, cui provida Vita; death can no man ſnap unawares, whoſe life is full of holy cares. But if a man do not prepare to die, he may live ſeven yeares in a conſumption, and yet die a ſudden death. For any time is ſudden to him

him that is unprepared.

They take their mark amiſſe, who judge a man by his outward behaviour in his death. If you know the goodneſſe of a mans life, miſ-judge him not by any ſtrangeneſſe of his death.

Though other men can beſt judge of our actions, yet a mans heart can beſt judge of himſelfe. When a man comes to be judged, his life, and not the manner of his death, ſhall give the evidence with or againſt him. Many that live wickedly, would ſeem to die holily; more for feare to be damned in the opinion of people, then for any love to goodneſſe. To theſe men there is *malum triplex quod manet in ſeptima*, a threefold evil which remaines to the laſt; Which is *Horror in exitu*, *Dolor in tranſitu*, *Pudor in conſpectu Dei*, feare in their departure, griefe in their paſſage, ſhame when they come into the ſight of God. If my life pleaſe God, I am ſure my death ſhall pleaſure me. Chriſt never leaves any of his at parting. *Eliſha*

would not leave *Elijah*, though he put him off twice, becauſe he knew there was a bleſſing to come when they parted. It is a great happineſſe to die in eaſe. That mans end is eaſie, whom death findes with a weak body, and a ſtrong ſoule. *Quis tàm facilè, quando vult, dormit*, who doth ſo eaſily ſleep when he pleaſeth, as he that layes down his life in peace? The aire is commonly calmeſt at noon.

Ariſtotle gives the reaſon, *Quia tunc vincit aut vincitur*, becauſe then it either conquers or is conquered. So is it with the ſoule of man at the point of death.

Yet a good man doth not always die in exerciſe of his goodneſſe, but as a wiſe man when he ſleeps, loſeth not his knowledge, no more doth a good man his graces, though he die in diſtemper; for habitudes of goodneſſe do not then leave him, though they cannot then do their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion, if a man die quietly, and go away like a Lambe,

Lambe, (which in conſumptions and dull diſeaſes moſt men do) then ſure he goes to Heaven; but if he be diſtempered, and of frantick behaviour, (which happens to many through extreme inflammations) then ſure he goes to hell. This is a judgement from Nature, and not of Religion, and in this caſe truſt not natural judgement, for it is arted with ſubtilties of Phyſick: Man works by likely meanes, God many times by contraries.

He that can ſhut his eyes every night with a quiet conſcience, ſhall meet with leaſt diſturbances when Death ſhall cloſe his eyes at laſt; nor will he care who ſhuts up his earthen eyes, when Death it ſelfe opens his ſouls eyes. Then ſhall we ſee more with theſe ſhut eyes, then ever we could do open-eyed: Saint *Paul* was therefore ſtricken blinde, that the eyes of his ſpirit might be opened.

Serenity, joy and peace in a dying man, is a hopeful behaviour: Yet we ſee the clear ſtarres that are

so delightful to behold, bring forth their rayes by sparklings and dartings, as though they were delivered of their light by travel and hard assayes; So good men in their death have great variety of accidents, many languors, many agonies, many iterated endeavours, travelling of Death, as in a Child-birth, sorrows, torments, pains, being then deaths Agents; But if the passages of the soule lie open to God, without interposition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egresse with a sweetnesse, and that without disturbance.

Natural causes will have their operations, but it is the God of Nature that commands them, it is his property sometimes to work supernaturally by Nature. Dispute not with God; give Nature leave to cavil, and we cannot be good Christians.

But trust to this: Beleeve aright, and live as you believe, and you cannot but die in safety. If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly. Let

Let no contentments of the world ſo fix you to the world, as to deſire longer life; Prolongation is no pleaſure, but ſo long as it goes well with us, *Sæpè in hoc eſſe, Benè, non diù*, to be often in this is good, but not to be long. Shortneſſe of life is no unhappineſſe, *Citiùs mori vel tardiùs, ad rem non ſpectat; bene mori aut malè, ad rem ſpectat*, it is nothing to the purpoſe whether we die ſoon or late; but whether we die well or ill.

The Book of Wiſdome ſaith, *He was ſoon taken away, leſt it ſhould alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul.*

In principio mundi, cùm homines viverent in majori ſimplicitate, Deus dedit eis longam vitam, poſtquam creſcebat hominis malitia & temporis abuſus, tunc abbreviavit Deus eorum dies: In the beginning of the world, when men lived in greateſt innocency, God gave them longer life; but after, when the ſin of man, and the abuſe of time increaſed, then God ſhortened their dayes.

Had present death been evil, or long life good, *Cain* had been slain, and *Abel* had survived: but death commonly begins first, where God loves best: *His soule,* saith the son of *Syrach, pleased God, therefore hasted he to take him away.*

Seldome is excellency in any kind long-lived; we see the best men live not longest: and indeed it were injurious to wish that goodnesse should hinder any one from happinesse.

The best cannot be happy, but by dissolution, their dying being but a change, going from evil to good, hopes putting in them such a new life, as they care not to change the old.

The lives of all creatures else are lost to us, ours but changed to God. If the wicked man live long, it is but to aggravate his judgement; if he die soon, it is but to hasten it.

One man seems to die casually, another violently, both by destiny, all men by decree.

Et quem dederat cursum natura peregi, said the Poet. And

And that courſe which Nature gave,
Finiſhed, as I might, I have.

But the Divine tells us, that *vitæ præſentis finem talem eſſe decet, quale futuræ eſt principium*, that the end of our preſent life ought to be ſuch, as we deſire the beginning of our future life: Nor is the place material where we die, ſo we die well.

Moſes died upon one hill, *Aaron* upon another hill, but both where they might ſee the Land of Promiſe; *Felix conſpectus*, an happy view.

Be as ready to die as *Moſes* was, when there was no more between God and him but, *Moſes, Go up and die.* With ſuch a ſociable compellation are good men invited unto death, as to a feaſt.

Nec mihi Mors gravis eſt, poſituro morte labores.

Death cannot chooſe but pleaſe
Them, whoſe griefs by dying ceaſe:

——— *Mors mihi merces erit.*

Death ſhall be gain to me.

All motions tend to reſt.

Return then to thy Reſt, O my ſoul, for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

Assurance of life after death.

Awake and sing, saith the Prophet *Esay*, *ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead. Thy dead men shall live, with my body shall they rise.*

For real assurance both to our bodies and our soules, there are three bodily inhabitants already gone to heaven:

Enoch before the Law, *Eliah* under the Law, Christ under the Gospel; yet for further assurance, *Ipse dixit*, Christ himself hath said it, *Because I live, ye shall live also. I am the Resurrection and the life. Qui credit in me, etiamsi mortuus fuerit, vivet*: He that believeth in me, though he die, yet shall he live. Although my flesh be eaten with wormes, these wormes turned to dust, blown thorow the earth, yet after thou hast turned all to destruction, again thou sayest, *Come again ye children of men.* Therefore, *O Death,*

Death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory? ſaith St. *Paul.*

Hitherto ſhalt thou come, ſaid *Job*, but no further: here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtayed: *Mors uſque ad corpus ſolùm pertinget, ultra non progredietur*, death ſhall only reach to the body, but ſhall proceed no further. It ſtands not with Divinity, nor is it conſonant to Reaſon, that man, for whom all things ſpring, ſhould not have his Spring, and riſe again. I ſee wormes and flies, and other creatures that ſpend the Winter-ſeaſon in a kinde of Death, revive in the Spring: I ſee my ſelf dead every night, and alive in the morning: doubt not therefore of this article of belief, of all moſt comfortable; I know whom I have truſted, ſaith Saint *Paul*, and I am aſſured he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him againſt that day. *And they ſhall be mine*, ſaith God by the Prophet *Malachi*, *in that day when I make up my Jewels.*

Reſurgam, I ſhall riſe again, ſaid good

good Biſhop *King. It is now time to awake, for now is our ſalvation nearer then when we believed*; nor will I fear how this body of mine ſhall appear another day. For I am promiſed by him that will perform, it ſhall not be found naked; but this covering of the fleſh being caſt off, it ſhall be clothed with glory as with another garment. The children of the Reſurrection die no more, for they are equal to the Angels. If thy life be hid with Chriſt in God, then when Chriſt, which is thy life ſhall appear, thou ſhalt appear in glory.

The word of aſſurance is, *Redemptor meus, my Redeemer, my Father, and your Father*, ſaith the Goſpel: there is great divinity in theſe pronouns, *meum & tuum*, mine and thine, they are words of aſſurance to mens ſoules, though in mens ſtates they are the ground of all controverſies. *I know that my Redeemer lives*, but I do not therefore know this, becauſe I will know it: for the will cannot invade the underſtanding. How then do I know

know it? not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, ſed cernitur*, faith is not believed, but perceived. Things are not ſo, becauſe we are perſwaded they are ſo; but becauſe they be ſo, therefore we are ſo perſwaded. The woman with childe, knows ſhe is ſo, when ſhe feeles it ſtirre lively: So the Spirit of God aſſures our ſpirit, when we lively feel his Spirit in us.

Holy *Job* ſaith, *Though after the skin, wormes deſtroy the bodies, yet in my fleſh I ſhall ſee God for my ſelfe: and mine own eyes ſhall behold him; and not anothers.*

Which numeral Identity gives certainty, that this ſoul of mine, imperſonated anew, and ſo inanimating my body again, ſhall give a new being, and a better being unto both.

That ſoule, the loſt pearle, which to finde a man would have given all he had, ſhall there be found engraven in a body of gold; whereas here it was poorly ſet in clay. He which came with his garments red from *Bozra*, will cloath us in white.

It

It doth not yet appear what we ſhall be, but we know that when Chriſt ſhall appear, we ſhall be like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is, ſaith Saint *John*. *Come then ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you*; and, *Fear not, little flock, for it is your Fathers pleaſure to give you the Kingdom. Tarry but a little while*, ſaith Saint *Paul*, *and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry.*

A man, ſaith *Chryſoſtome*, would dwell in this Contemplation, and be loth to come out of it. Nay, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, *A man might age himſelf in it, and ſooner grow old then weary.*

The

The fourth general Diviſion.

IV.

What our laſt thoughts ſhould be.

Seneca ſaith, the laſt day judgeth all the precedent, *Ultimum optimum*, the laſt is the beſt; Dying words are weightieſt, and make deepeſt impreſſions: yet our laſt thoughts are readieſt to ſpend themſelves upon ſomewhat that we loved beſt while we lived. *Jezabel* at laſt was more taken up with ſeeming fair then being happy. *Et tunc quoque verſus ad illam*: and then even when ready to die, ſhe was buſied about it, becauſe ſhe loved her face more then her ſoul.

The ſoule it ſelfe, when it is entring into glory, breathes divine things: At this time a good mans tongue is in his breaſt, not in his mouth; his words are then ſo pithy and ſo pectoral.

Ana-

Anatomiſts do ſay, there are ſtrings in a mans tongue, which go to his heart; when theſe break, man ſpeaks his heart. *Utinam ſaperent & intelligerent, & noviſſima providerent*, ſaid *Moſes*: Oh that they were wiſe, and would underſtand, and foreſee their latter end, when he was dying. Chriſts laſt words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickly*; Our anſwer is, Amen: Even ſo come, Lord Jeſus, &c.

As in greateſt extremities good Phyſicians leave drugs, and miniſter only Cordials: ſo deale by thy ſoule when death approaches; Lay thee down and ſleep in peace, caſt away all worldly cares, entertaine only thoughts that will animate thy weak body, and refreſh thy thirſty ſoul, as did that *dew of Hermon*, falling upon the *Hill of Sion*. When ſickneſſe undreſſes man for death, then *Jobs Scio*, I know, and Saint *Pauls Cupio*, I deſire, are the words of ſweeteſt comfort.

Man, ſaith *Jeremy*, puts his mouth at laſt to the duſt, if ſo be there may be

be hope. But rely not longer on the Phyſician; Earthly meanes were for uſe, they are not for confidence. God cannot be God, if Nature limit him. Happy is the man whoſe laſt day is his beſt day.

All the while I lived, ſaid a good man, I was going on my journey, *in via*, in my way, but not *in patria*, in my countrey; but now that I am dying, I finde my ſelf near home, I am come to Mount *Sion*, I will not therefore ſit down on this ſide *Jordan*, but haſten to the heavenly *Jeruſalem*; whither when I come, I ſhall there ſee my God face to face, hear my Saviour ſay, *Euge bone ſerve, Well done good ſervant, It is my Fathers will to give thee a Kingdome.*

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for me, but will he give me a Kingdome? and ſhall not I be glad, when God ſhall come and fetch me, to enthrone me in this Kingdome? *Abſit*, God forbid: If Chriſt be gone up to prepare a place for me, Lord, let me be

be prepared for that place; bleſſed eternity, where art thou? I am ſeeking for thee, and I ſee thee coming towards me. Now me thinks I heat my ſoul ſay, *Cur non accedis, Domine? Quid moraris?* O Lord, why art thou ſo far off, why tarrieſt thou?

I have too long dwelt in this Sepulchre of earth; *Væ mihi, quia prolongatus eſt incolatus meus in terra!* Wo is me, that my pilgrimage is ſo prolonged on earth! wo is me that I ſtill remain in *Meſech*, and dwell in the tents of *Kedar*! It is enough, Lord, as *Elias* ſaid in the wilderneſſe; Take now away my life, for I am no better then my Fathers were. My ſoul thirſteth for thee: When ſhall I come and appear before thee? Nay, my ſoul is now grown ſo high-minded, that ſhe ſaith, *Major ſum, & ad majora genitus, quàm ut mancipium ſim hujus corporis*: I am of more worth, and borne to more worthy things, then to be the ſlave of my own body. Man is not quiet, till he be more then man: let his condition here civilly

villy be what it will, it will not content him. Bare Philoſophy made ſuch impreſſion in *Socrates*, that *in carcere damnatus egit cum diſcipulis de corpore, tanquam de alio ergaſtulo*, lying condemned in priſon, he diſcourſed to his ſcholars concerning the body, as concerning another priſon; counting the body to be a worſe priſon to the ſoul, then that priſon was to him.

Plato when he ſaw one over-indulgent to his body by high feeding it, asked what he meant, to make his priſon ſo ſtrong? When you pamper the fleſh, you do but victual the enemy.

The body at beſt is but the living Coffin of the ſoul, as the grave is the dead Coffin of the body.

Thus doth Divine Contemplation make us high in thoughts, rich in expectation; Therefore it is but the duty of man to know the dignity of his ſoule, which is ſo heavenly ambitious, as it will not let heaven alone, till it may ſee, as it is ſeen.

Gravata eſt anima mea, my ſoul is op-

oppreſſed, my body is a burden to my ſoul; It hath had honour enough to have been ſo long companion with it: wherefore now, as Saint *Hierome* ſaith, *Egredere anima, egredere,* Go forth, my ſoul, go forth. What doſt thou longer here on earth, O thou my Heaven-born Soule?

The Hermite ſitting on his turfe, ſaid to his ſoule, *Sexaginta annos ſerviviſti Deo, & nunc mori times?* Thou haſt ſerved God theſe ſixty yeares, and art thou now afraid to die? Go out of this Ark of fleſh, O my ſoul, for I now ſmell the ſavour of reſt; *Celeritas nunc in deſiderio mora eſt,* haſte it ſelf is ſlow unto deſire. As Chriſt ſaid to his Diſciples, *Surgite, eamus hinc,* Let us ariſe and go hence: So ſay to thy ſoule, *Surge anima de mundo, eamus in cœlum,* Ariſe, my ſoul, from the world, let us go up to heaven.

Though my ſoule, as a Bird, for neceſſity ſake hath been faine to ſtay a while here upon earth, yet willingly would it be ſoaring in the sky;

sky; but I finde that, *Ista vita est mihi impedimento ad id, propter quod vivitur*, this life is an hindrance to that for whose sake we live: Specially when I hear my Saviour say, *Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.* *Sybilla* before Christ, and *Plato* likewise, do both agree, that the union of mans soule with God, is that true felicity which all Philosophy aimes at. Therefore *Desiderio desideravi ergastuli hujus egressum*, I have earnestly desired my dismission from this prison, that I may see *facie ad faciem*, face to face, him whom my soul loveth, and be, Lord, where thou en joyest thy self, and glorified spirits enjoy thee.

Ostende mihi patrem & sufficit, Shew me the Father, and it sufficeth. Surely saith Saint *Augustine* in his Meditations; *Domine, creâsti nos ob te; nusquam erit cor quietum donec perveneris ad te*: O Lord, thou hast made us for thy selfe, and our hearts can never be quiet until they come unto thee. *Blessed are the dead*

which

which die in the Lord, saith St. *John*; *Yea,* saith the *Spirit, they rest from their labours, and their works follow them.* O thou source of the Springs of Lebanus, my soule now thirsteth to be with thee; In the twilight, betwixt the day of life, and night of death.

Entertain thy last houre with such-like thoughts, *Et hæ tibi dabunt ad æternitatem iter, & in itinere sublevabunt,* and they will prepare thy journey to eternity, and help thee in thy journey. They will angelize thy body, and emparadise thy soul, before thou comest into Heaven; yield a sweetnesse beyond the bitternesse of death.

Certainly, a good Soule thus employing it self *in istâ horâ,* in that houre, will not leave the felicity it shall have in such an assured transmigration from death to life, for all the joyes that life past did ever render it.

Good Saint *Augustine,* in a high speculation, endeavouring to expresse this heavenly joy, was asked by

by a grave old man, Father *Auguſtine, Quid agis*? What art thou about to do? A man may as well draw in all the aire in the world with a breath, as expreſſe to the life what thou art now about; not that there is want of words, but want in words to expreſſe it.

As griefes concealed, ſo joyes expreſſed grow greater; wherefore though this ineffable joy cannot be expreſt, *Quantus vel qualis ſit*, how much, or how great it is, yet it is, *Res generoſa conari alta, mente majora concipere, quàm quæ effici poſſunt*, a generous thing to attempt at the higheſt, and aime at greater things in our ſoules, then we are able to perform.

Therefore this we may do, ſome way ſample that which no way we can expreſſe, *In ardnis voluiſſe ſat eſt*, In high things but to will is held enough; in ſome things good purpoſes ſupply actions.

Like as a bird that hath beene long engaged, then chants it moſt merrily, when ſhe gets looſe into the open aire. *Ni-*

Nititur in ſylvas quæque redire ſuas.
And every one of that wing'd race
Strives for the woods, their native place.

Or as a ſick man that hath wearily toſſed and turned himſelfe in his bed all the dull night long, is then comforted at the approach of the day-break, when the Sun-beams gild the morning:

Or as a priſoner that feeles his chaines heavy upon him, longs for releaſement.

Liberáque à ferris crura futura velit:
And his weary limbs would faine
Deliver from the iron chaine.

So will it be with thy ſoul, when thou ſhalt hear thy Saviour ſay, *I am thy ſalvation: Come unto me thou that art weary, and heavy-laden and I will refreſh thee.*

Pœnitentibus & petentibus pertinet Regnum Cœlorum, The Kingdom of Heaven belongs to Penitents and Petitioners: To them that are weary of this durance, and ſue for deliverance, belongeth the Kingdom of Heaven. Where

Wherefore as a wearied traveller that hath paſſed a long journey, though perhaps met with ſome delights by the way, is then gladdeſt when he comes within kenning of his Countrey;

Natale ſolum dulcedine cunctos ducit.

The native ſoile invites
All with its ſweet delights.

Even ſo thy ſoul after many years pilgrimage in the wilderneſſe of this wretched world, being come with *Moſes to* Mount Nebo, and beholding the pleaſant land of *Canaan*, from the top of *Piſgah*, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to ſee the Sun coming, *as a Bridegroom out of his chamber.*

Dilectus meus deſcendit ad hortum ſuum, ad areolam aromatum, My Beloved went down to his garden, to the bed of ſpices.

Of this joy thy dazeled eyes might have ſome glimps while thou waſt in health; but then it was, as the blind mans viſion in the Goſpel, to whoſe firſt ſight men ſeemed to walk like trees; but in this thy new

ſtate thou ſhalt ſee clearly men and Angels ſtand before the Lambes Throne, and hear thy ſelf invited to the Lambes Supper, where *thou ſhalt be brought into the Wine-cellar, and love will be the banner over thee.* It is the beſt eloquence to ſpeake to God in the ſame language he ſpeaks to us.

Come then, O Shulamite, *ſtay me with Flaggons, and comfort me with Apples, for I am ſick of love: Kiſſe me with the kiſſes of thy mouth, for thy love is better then wine; Shew me, O thou whom my ſoul loveth, where thou feedeſt, where thou lieſt at noon.*

Thus with *Solomon* in a Canticle, and with *David* in a Pſalme, let be the Raptures of thy ſoule, which as in a trance ſhall be caught up to heaven, as was *Philip* by the Spirit, or *Ezechiel* by the Angel.

And with an heroical alacrity, tempered with a gracious humility; give up thy ſoule to God, and bid farewel to the world.

Sing with *Deborah, O my ſoule, thou haſt marched valiantly*; and ſay with

with *David, Returne now, my ſoul, unto thy reſt, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.*

Dying Saint *Stephen*, before his eyes were cloſed, had a facial ſight of his Saviour, *Videbat Deum per eſſentiam, looked ſtedfaſtly into the heaven, and ſaw the Glory of God, and Jeſus ſtanding at the right hand of God.* Old *Simeon* after he had ſeen his Saviour, rejoyced then to ſay, *Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have ſeene thy ſalvation.*

Hoc videam, & moriar; Morior ut videam: Let me ſee this and die? And till then I die, I die.

THE RAPTURE OF THE SOULE.

Rapitur anima, cum cœlestia contemplatur, & contemplando jucundatur: The soule is raviſhed when ſhe contemplates heavenly things, and is delighted with that Contemplation.

This is a kinde of Arreption to Heaven; when a man abſtracts himſelf from earth, and by Contemplation grows into acquaintance with GOD; for then he ſeems to converſe with God, and become *divinæ particeps naturæ*, a partaker of the divine nature, then he ſends forth ſtrong emanations of divine love.

Thoſe

Thoſe *affectiones extaticæ*, extatick affections, are the ſignals *Amoris liquidi*, of a melting love: *liqueſcit anima, cùm devotione caleſcit*, the ſoule melteth when ſhe is warmed by devotion. Such love ſuffers not me to be a lover of my ſelf; *Et quid iſtos niſi Seraphim dixerim, quorum cor converſum eſt in ignem divini amoris?* and what ſhall I call them but Seraphims, whoſe hearts are turned into flames of divine love? *Let him kiſſe me with the kiſſes of his mouth*, ſo begins that *Canticum canticorum*; *& jucundum quidem eloquium, quod ab oſculo ſumit principium*, Song of Songs, and 'tis truly a ſweet language, which beginneth with kiſſes. This *fruitivus amor*, enjoying love, by divine rapture unites me to God: for in rapture a man ſeems to walk with God, as *Enoch* did; talk with God, as *Moſes* did; ſee God, as *Stephen* did.

And becauſe ſight increaſes delight; therefore rapture would fain aſcend to viſion; *Videre illa, non quæ videntur, ſed quæ non videntur,*

to see those things, not which are seen, but which are not seen.

But thats a priviledge for Saint *Paul, Vidi Dominum*, saith *Jacob, facie ad faciem, & salva facta est anima mea.* I saw the Lord face to face, and my soule was delivered. Holy *Hierome* sweares it, *Testor Deum, post hebdomadarum jejunia visus sum mihi versari inter agmina Angelorum*, I call God to witnesse, that after I had done my fasting weeks, me thought I was among the troops of Angels, to have private conversation with Quiers of Angels; The first Christians were ravished with a greater desire of knowledge then of food; sometimes lived three dayes together in contemplation, and never ate. *Raptus est supremus gradus contemplationis*, Rapture is the highest degree of contemplation, saith St. *Augustine*; which raises in man towering thoughts, irradiates his soule with high apprehensions; and so elevates him to God, as it takes him out of himselfe, to live above himself. *Nescio in quam dulce-*

dinem

dinem duces me, Domine, ſaid he in his rapture, I am not able to underſtand that ſweetneſſe into which thou leadeſt me, O my God.

The Soule being thus powerfully attracted by the inducement of ſo faire and divine delight, ſhe on her part correſponds, and with a willing aſſent glides after theſe attracts, and as a vapour exhal'd by the Sunne, ſhe goes out of her ſelfe, and would willingly draw the body with her, but that ſubſtance is too ſad; wherefore ſhe quits it as not agil, nor ſprightful enough to ſoare ſo high; *O that my Soul had wings as a Dove, that I might flie, and be at reſt!* ſaith *David*.

It is an admirable thing to conſider, that the eye of a man ſo weak, ſo tender a piece, ſhould look up every day to heaven, ſo wonderful in height, and yet never be tired by the way: by this I ſee that heavenly Contemplation, (which is the beſt Optick) if it be ſtrong enough, and not over-clogg'd with earthly thoughts, is able to carry us with

eaſe to heavenly extaſie.

The Will takes pleaſure to perceive the Underſtanding (which is the Soules King) taken into rapture; and when the faculties both of Will and Underſtanding do intercommunicate their raviſhments, then are we ſweetly brought into divine extaſie; in which ſtate man feeles nothing of the Humane, but dies in his life, and lives in his death.

Of this ſacred extaſie the Seraphical Divines make three ſorts; one of underſtanding, a ſecond of affection, a third of action.

Action is added, becauſe a man is not to be above himſelf in Contemplation, and under himſelfe in converſation. The firſt of the three is *in ſplendore*, in brightneſſe; the ſecond *in fervore*, in heat; the third *in labore*, in labour: the one cauſed by admiration, the other by devotion the laſt by operation.

In theſe Raptures, the Fathers, who were ſtiled Saints, had ſuch a complacency, as they ſtrove to act this

this as the way of a new life, ſometimes before their death; inſomuch as the Votaries would ſay, *Never was a Saint*, but had extaſies, and raviſhment of life before his death; they laboured by a liquefaction of their ſoules into God, to enſoule themſelves in God, to put themſelves out of the natural comportment of the body, and ſo to live in Divine extaſie without living in the body.

This made Saint *Paul* to ſay, *I knew a man in Chriſt fourteen yeares ago, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.*

Some ſo lived, as it were doubted whether they were living men dead, or dead men living. Nay, ſome with fervencie of ſpirit were tranſported into ſuch extaſie, that their ſoules being wholly converſant in divine Contemplation, they cared not to afford common aſſiſtance to Nature, and ſo have died through exinanition and want of ſtrength, conceiving there was no uſe of any creature, to them that enjoyed the Creator.

Thus did love performe the office of death, *Love is as ſtrong as Death*, ſaith *Solomon*; nay, with them it wrought more then death could do; for death only performeth by effect, that which love operateth by affection; Death did but ſeparate their bodies from their ſoules; but love ſeparated their ſoules from their bodies living.

In ſuch a trance they report S. *Baſil* to ſay, *That* Jacob, *when he had faſt hold on God, let him go for a bleſſing*: But the *Shulamite*, *My ſoule will not let thee go ſo*: For ſhe now ſeeks no more benedictions of God, but to enjoy the God of benedictions.

St. *Jerom* was wont to ſay, *O my Saviour, diddeſt thou die for love of me? A love more dolourous then death, but to me a death more lovely then love it ſelfe. I cannot live, love thee, and be longer from thee.*

When *Severinus*, the Indian Saint, was recovering from dying, it is reported he was heard to ſay, *O my God, do not for pity, ſo over-joy me: if*

I must still live, and have such consolations, take me to heaven: for he that hath once tasted this and thy sweetness, must necessarily live afterwards in bitternesse.

This is the state of loves life in God, which giveth a super-humane being unto man, man being yet on earth.

This ardent love engraffing me into God by her uniting vertue, makes me now to say, *Vivo ego, sed non ego, vivit verò in me Christus:* Now I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. Gal. 2. *My life is hid in Christ with God.* And now me thinks I see him face to face, *Visione illâ beatificâ, & jugiter revelatâ facie, Sponsi gloriam speculando, transformatur anima de claritate in claritatem: Audet & ipsa loqui:* in that blessed vision, and face of God alwayes revealed, by viewing the glory of the Bridegroom, the soul is transformed from glory to glory; so that she dare say, *Tota pulchra es amica,* Thou art all fair my love.

Who

Who is this that cometh from Edom, *with red garments from* Bozrah? *I now behold the day-ſpring from on high come to viſit me. Say then to the North, Give; and to the South, Reſtore; And ſo come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly.*

MORTIS EPILOGUS.

The Concluſion of Death.

QVoniam Mors me quotidiè expectat, ego mortem quotidiè expectabo, becauſe death doth attend me daily, I will daily wait for death.

But before thou goeſt hence, conſider well theſe foure things.

1. *Unde venis*, Whence thou comeſt.
2. *Quò vadis*, Whither thou goeſt.
3. *Quid es*, What thou art.
4. *Quid eris*, What thou ſhalt be.

Upon

Upon enquiry, *unde venio*, whence I come; I am told, *Peccatores peccatorem me in peccato genuerunt*, that ſinners begat me a ſinner in ſin.

Miſeri miſerum me in hanc lucis miſeriam induxerunt, miſerable wretches brought me a miſerable wretch into this vale of miſery.

Conceptus culpa, Naſci miſeria, Vivere pœna, mors anguſtia; Et quantò eſt vitâ mea longior, tanto eſt culpa mea numeroſior: My conception was ſin, my birth miſery, my life a puniſhment, my death a torment; and by how much my life is longer, by ſo much is my ſin the greater.

This makes me think,

Quorſum commodata eſt mihi vita humana? to what end is this humane life lent unto me?

For this only,

Ad comparandam vitam cœleſtem:
Et hoc vult divina clementia,
Quod vita mea ſit brevior,

Ut

Ut labor meus ſit levior.
To gaine an heavenly life,
And this is all divine love aims at;
That ſo my life may ſeem ſhorter,
And my labour may be leſſe.

For my *Quò vado*, Whither go.

IT is lifes *Poſie*, *Vadere*, to fade and decay.

Vado, I go, tells me, I am *in tranſitu*, in a paſſing ſtate.

But it rejoyceth me to think,

Eo ad Patres, that I go to my Fathers.

And this hope comforts,

Sepelieris in ætate bonâ, thou ſhalt be buried in a good old age.

Therefore *nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori*: it neither troubles me to live, nor affrights me to die:

Mihi enim mors ſervit in ſolatium vitæ, for death helps to comfort my life.

Vitam habeo in patientiâ, mortem

verò in deſiderio, and ſo I live in patience, and I die in deſire.

Plangam ergo paulatim dolorem meum, Et tunc oblitus exilii, ibo ad patriam: I ſhall therefore a little while bewail my ſorrow, and then forgetful of my baniſhment, I ſhall go to my countrey.

Nam mortuâ morte revertitur mihi vita, for when death it ſelf ſhall die, life will return to me again.

To expreſſe, *Quid ſum*, What I am.

QVis fando explicare queat? What ſpeech can that unfold?

Pulvis & Aër, Duſt and Aire, this I know;

Et in pulverem reverteris, and to duſt thou ſhalt returne; this is ſure;

That *homo eſt morbidum, putre, caſſum*, man is a ſickly, rotten, empty thing.

Et in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.

homo, and that every man ſhall be turned into no man.

This every man findes.

Our metal is, *De humore liquido*, of a moiſt humour.

And themould no better, *In utero impuro*, in an unclean wombe.

Damnatus antequàm natus, condemned ſoonet then borne, thats our condition.

Our beſt Stock is, *Semen Abrahæ*, the ſeed of *Abraham*,

Dicens putredini, ſaying to corruption, *Thou art my Mother*,

And to the wormes, *You are my Brethren.*

Here is our great kindred.

Our dwelling is, *inter pulices & culices*, amongſt Flies and Fleas.

Our quality vile, our weight lighter then vanity, our worth nothing.

What then is our being?

Somnium & dolor, a dream and ſorrow.

If

If ſo,

Si natus ſum plorans
Si morior plangens,
Nolo ego vivere ridens:
Hoc tantùm volo,
Animam meam ornare, quæ Deo & Angelis
Mox præſentanda eſt in cœlis.

If weeping I be borne, and weeping die,
Why do I live ſo free and pleaſantly?
This only I deſire
My ſoule to attire,
Which is to be preſented by and by
To God and Angels, with all purity.

Now for *Quid eris*, What thou ſhalt be?

This alſo I know.

Quod ſum, & me non eſſe ſcio. Sed id eſſe & noſſe deſidero. Nam videre

videre Deum, vivere cum Deo. Esse in Deo, est habere Deum. Hoc est aeterna securitas, & secura aeternitas. I know what I am, and therefore know my self not to be. But yet I desire both to be and know what I am. For to see God, and to live with God, is to be in God, and to have God: and this is eternal safety, and secure eternity.

This may be admired, hardly understood:

Yet better understood, then can be expressed.

Therefore to my soule I say not, *O Animula, blandula, vagula,* O poor, pretty, wandring soul! But, *O Anima Dei insignita imagine, Decorata similitudine, Desponsata Fide, Redempta Sanguine, Dotata Spiritu, Deputata cum Angelis, Quid tibi cum carne?* O soul, Ennobled with the Image of God, Adorned with his likenesse, Espoused to him by faith, Redeemed by his blood, Endowed with his Spirit, Ranked with his Angels, What hast thou to do with flesh?

But

But to contemplate.

Quanta claritas, quanta ſuavitas, quanta jucunditas maneat me in illa viſione, cùm facie ad faciem videbo Chriſtum! Oh what brightneſſe, what ſweetneſſe, what pleaſure remaineth for me in that viſion, where I ſhall behold Chriſt face to face!

O Lord, bear my words, conſider my Meditations, Pſal. 5.

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